THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

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The Prospect for Youth

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THE ANNALS, *November, 1937*

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

LET us suppose that organized Labor in the United States were united, and that it had 16,000,000 members, or three times the present number. Let us suppose again that the Government was pursuing a foreign policy which these 16,000,000 workers resented so strongly that their leaders were restraining them with increasing difficulty.

While the analogy must not be carried too far, the situation described above would be comparable to that which prevails in France at the present time. For the French Federation of Labor is 'the strongest force in France' and detests the French Government's subservience to the pro-Franco sentiments of the British Foreign Office. So important is Labor in the French scene that we have devoted our leading article, 'Does France Face Revolution?' to an informed discussion of its aims. Robert Dell, the author, is dean of the foreign correspondents in Paris, having covered French affairs for nearly a third of a century. [p. 196]

SUBHAS CHANDRA BOSE, former Mayor of Calcutta and a noted Indian politician and writer, hates all imperialisms without exception, and the perspective in which he sees the game that is being played on the 'European Chessboard' is of more than usual interest. His treatment of Great Britain's policy is surprisingly mild in view of his several arrests in India for agitation, his being refused entry into England and the banning of his book, *The Indian Struggle*, in India. [p. 201]

THE writers of two of our three articles on 'The German Scene' have deemed it expedient to hide behind pseudonyms, since they hope to continue their newspaper work in Germany; the third is completing his fourth month in a Nazi prison. 'Berlin Correspondent' tells how hard it is to send even unbiased factual news out of the country without being escorted to the frontier by the Gestapo. [p. 208] In 'A Spanish Regimen' the anonymous writer is reticent but frank in his discussion of the Nazi system. [p. 210] The third contribution is Pastor Martin Niemöller's 'Valedictory,' his last ringing sermon of defiance—'We must obey God rather than man!'—before his arrest. Finding that he could not be bent, the Nazi authorities determined to break him, perhaps as they have already broken von Ossietzky. [p. 215]

A GREAT deal of the mystery which has surrounded 'The Fifth Column' of General Franco—a secret army in each Loyalist city which is to attack as soon as the Insurgent forces come within striking distance—is dispelled by Fernando Fulano, a staff correspondent of the Basel *National Zeitung*. The Fifth Column's first success was at Santander, where it demoralized the defense and opened the city's gates to the advancing Italian columns. [p. 219]

OUR story for this issue, 'On the Border,' by Mulk Raj Anand, dramatizes a tragedy that has occurred frequently on India's Northwest Frontier since the World War. The British have been the first to condemn the Italian, German and Japanese bombing of civil populations and undefended towns, yet their own Royal Air Force has led the way. Mr. Anand's *The Coolie* and *The Untouchable* have been called 'the most important books ever written in English by an Indian.' [p. 223]

LATIN-AMERICANS, and Canadians as well, have long resented the way in which the terms 'America' and 'Americans' have been monopolized by writers in

(*Continued on page 282*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

November, 1937 *Volume 353, Number 4454*

The World Over

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S VIEWS on international lawlessness were well known before he delivered his sensational speech on foreign affairs at Chicago on October 5th. He had extolled democracy and had offered the peaceful relations of the American republics as an example to the Old World in his address to the Pan American Conference at Buenos Aires in December, 1936. Even then he had declared that 'peace is not to be had for the asking.' The stronger expressions which he uttered at Chicago appeared necessary in view of the activity of the aggressive Powers during the interval. Germany and Italy, after agreeing not to intervene in the Spanish conflict, had promptly violated their pledges; Japan had once more disregarded her treaty obligations by attacking China, in order to thwart China's promising effort to become a 'State' in the modern sense of the term.

The democratic peoples were heartened by President Roosevelt's declaration; the transgressors have either ignored it or treated it with contempt. Their policies have not been altered, nor will they be altered until the words of President Roosevelt and other democratic statesmen are backed by the probability of action.

Is the President's suggestion that a 'quarantine' be established against aggressors merely metaphorical, involving nothing more drastic than a moral quarantine, whatever that may be? Or is his declaration to be translated into a positive program of collective security?

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We shall probably learn the answer when Congress assembles in Special Session in November. Unless we mistake the state of public opinion, many Senators and Representatives will demand that the Neutrality Act of 1937 shall be strengthened: that the President be deprived of his discretion in regard to the conditions under which the provisions of the Act shall be declared in force, and that a specific formula be inserted in the Act for recognizing the existence of a 'state of war.'

On several occasions since the end of the World War, the United States has refused to participate in arrangements for collective security, and the Symposium of distinguished Americans which THE LIVING AGE conducted late in 1936 revealed an overwhelming sentiment in favor of strong neutrality legislation. The Gallup and other polls have since emphasized the determination of American citizens to maintain neutrality, even at great material sacrifice. We do not believe that that determination is growing weaker.

FROM MOROCCO TO TUNIS, French North Africa is seething with discontent, and only in Tunis is Italian propaganda even partly to blame. In Morocco, where rioting has already occurred, natural causes are largely responsible, for two poor harvests were followed this year by a complete crop failure. No rain whatsoever fell in the interior and the desert population of more than a million is starving. From some of the oases it is reported that there is not even enough drinking water. The sorely-pressed Home Government has voted 11 million francs for relief, but several times that amount must be provided to sustain Morocco until after next year's harvest. In addition to these economic causes of distress, it has been observed that France has made town life too attractive to the natives, with the result that more than half of them have been urbanized and largely beggarized. And while providing towns, hospitals, roads and schools, the French have levied taxes, which most of the Moroccans managed to evade under the Sultanate.

Algeria, while suffering like Morocco from successive crop failures, is distressed by low wages, a rising cost of living and wrangling between native labor unions and employers. There are, besides, several political reasons for the unrest. Premier Blum went out of office before he was able to fulfill certain promises he had made to the Algerians, and they feel that since nothing is being done about them, the Home Government is indifferent to their situation. Native resentment is also growing against the limit of 25 per cent which has been legally placed on their representation in the Legislative Assembly. There are even complaints by the Moors that the French interfere in religious matters.

The Chautemps Government is already in an extremity because of

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financial difficulties, internal and external political tension, a falling franc and a rising cost of living. Now it must add a colonial crisis to its burdens. And it is a crisis that has an important bearing upon national defense, for Italy is seriously threatening France's 'life-line' to the North African Empire by her occupation of Majorca, her intervention in Spain and her activity in Western Mediterranean waters. Premier Mussolini's sending of additional Italian troops to Spanish Morocco and of several new divisions to Libya indicate that he is preparing for an emergency, and leave little doubt that he would take advantage of the situation in the French possessions to seize Tunisia, at least, if an opportunity appeared.

THERE ARE PROBABLY more political and religious exiles in the world today than at any other time in history. However hard their lot has been in strange lands, it has been better than that of their fellows who have been unable to escape from régimes that brook no difference of opinion. So numerous have been the stories of man's inhumanity to man in Germany, Italy, Soviet Russia and the lesser dictatorships that our indignation has become dulled. What, after all, can we do? And the answer must be that we can do nothing, except to keep alive our democratic hatred of intolerant political systems.

In Great Britain, the Howard League for Penal Reform has issued a report entitled *The Accused: An International Study*, and based upon an investigation of the treatment of prisoners in some eighty countries. There follow several extracts from the Howard League's report:—

Austria:—Police have the right to send politically suspected persons to certain places of detention without trial for an unlimited period, and all intercourse with the outside world is controlled by the authorities.

Bulgaria:—In political cases prisoners are sometimes arrested and held by the police for several weeks without trial. Other suspects are interned without trial in remote villages.

Irish Free State:—Under the Public Safety Act it is an offence in political cases to refuse to answer questions put by the police.

Great Britain:—A confession is not admissible in evidence if induced by threats or promises. Cases are, however, known where the police have held out the hope of a lighter sentence as an inducement to plead guilty, and complaints are sometimes made of excessively long questioning before a suspected person is charged.

Germany:—Laws apply only to cases tried before the ordinary criminal courts. In cases where the State Police or Secret State Police take action against politically suspected persons without bringing them before the public prosecutor and the court, their action is completely free from judicial control and in every way legally unfettered. The Secret Police can keep a person in a concentration camp for an indefinite period.

Northern Ireland:—By orders under Special Powers Acts, refusal to answer police or examining magistrate or other officer is a criminal offence even if answer

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may tend to incriminate the accused; answers to police or magistrates may be used as evidence of offence. Persons may be detained indefinitely.

Hungary:—Sometimes the third degree is used, especially in the case of political prisoners.

Italy:—Independently of any judicial procedure a special non-judicial committee presided over by the pr[redacted] has the right to send a person to a place of detention for one to five years if he has acted (or has shown intention to act) against the authority of the State so as to damage national interests.

Poland:—Persons who, in the view of an administrative authority, may possibly endanger the State or the Government can be detained in concentration camps for a period of three months, which can be extended indefinitely, without any judicial control.

Soviet Russia:—The law is scrupulously carried out according to the code in all non-political charges. In all political or quasi-political cases the political police are at liberty to arrest any Russian citizen without a warrant or without indicating the charge; the arrested person may be held indefinitely without trial, and may be tried, condemned, and punished in secret.

Torture, according to the report, is 'usually spoken of as a stain upon the honor of past ages, from which our own is free. Yet no one who examines the evidence can doubt that the use of torture is more widespread today than it was half a century ago. The evil is not extinct but is growing.'

GAULEITER IS A TITLE which the Nazis bestow upon the director of the Party's activities in a certain region. The *Gau*, or region, over which Herr Bohle is director is the entire world outside Germany; so far, 548 foreign Party branches are known to have been established. All the Party's propaganda and espionage abroad, except broadcasting, are managed through *Gauleiter* Bohle's Foreign Organization, the Berlin headquarters of which employs more than 700 persons in 32 departments. The most important of these are the eight national directorates, the Marine Department and the Migration and Harbor (*Hafendienstamt*) Services.

The Harbor Service is perhaps the most active of the Foreign Organization's espionage centers, for its agents work in all foreign ports in close coöperation with the German Consulates. Their task consists of collecting military and naval information, identifying ships and ascertaining their destinations (for instance, of Spanish merchant ships which are later sunk by 'unidentified' submarines), smuggling Nazi propaganda material in the respective languages, etc. The Harbor Service also coöperates with the Gestapo in spying upon emigrants. Economic and industrial espionage is being directed by another special department.

The Foreign Organization, with the help of the Embassies and Consulates, urges every German abroad to do his duty as a 'fellow fighter in the front ranks' by serving as an agent, and in innumerable instances

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pressure and threats have been used when persuasion failed. How many such voluntary and involuntary agents are under *Gauleiter* Bohle's orders? One estimate, which is regarded as being conservative, places the number of Germans throughout the world who are at present directly or indirectly at Herr Bohle's disposal at more than 350,000.

OUR WARNING in the last issue that front-page news may be momentarily expected from Poland must be repeated, for the political situation in that country grows steadily worse. The very fact that liberal elements have been encouraged to unite by former Premier Paderewski may bring the crisis to a head. A sudden stroke by Marshal Rydz-Smigly, setting up a military dictatorship, is still regarded as probable, though it is hard to see how such a course can result in any appreciable improvement in Poland's situation. Political schisms might in this way be eliminated, but Poland's relative poverty would remain. Agrarian distress, arising from the existence of a surplus population of some 4,000,000 on the farms, is sharpening criticism of the Government's failure to break up the large estates. From what we know of military dictatorships, a Polish one would scarcely resort to that solution, if, indeed, the redistribution of these lands would solve the problem. At present, the vested interests concerned are so powerful that a Parliamentary Committee recently formed to deal with over-population confined its study to the possibilities for temporary and permanent emigration.

Poland's resources do not permit her to employ the estimated 1,000,000 surplus men on useful labor service, as some countries have done. Nor is her industry sufficiently developed to absorb more than a small fraction of them. And, at the moment, Polish industry is competing with difficulty for high-priced raw materials in the world market.

Ever since the War Poland has felt obliged to spend a large part of her revenue, and to borrow heavily from France, for her Army and military works. These funds would have been spent more wisely in reclaiming millions of acres of good land from the marshy regions, in developing non-military communications and in fostering industry and agriculture. Now, placed as she is between the quarreling giants, Germany and Russia, and herself torn between their hostile ideologies, she must continue her uneconomic course. More than any other country in Europe, Poland needs foreign capital for internal development. Her resources are greater than Italy's, and she could, with foreign help, become reasonably self-sustaining. But peace—the assurance of real peace—is necessary before such help will be forthcoming. And in Eastern Europe the prospect for peace seems infinitely remote. Regardless of the outcome of the present crisis, Poland will remain in a political and strategic strait-jacket.

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SINCE CHANCELLOR HITLER boasted at Nuremberg of Nazi Germany's exemplary treatment of her minorities, it will not be amiss to examine his claim. And we shall report, not on the German Jews, whose plight is well known, but on the situation of the Reich's greatest minority, the Poles, who number about 1,500,000. Until recently, as a result of the Polish-German treaty of amity and non-aggression of 1934, the Polish press was forbidden to write anything adverse about Germany. Now, however, the process of Germanizing the Poles has become so intensified that even the official *Gazeta Polska* publishes reports about the persecution of the minority.

Germanization is quite naturally focused on education and on the suppression of the Polish language. And here we find that Germany has not reciprocated the rather generous policy of the Polish Government toward its German minority of some 800,000. The Germans in Poland have 490 State elementary schools, 30 high schools, 4 normal schools, 4 trade schools and 50 private elementary schools. In all these schools the German language is freely taught. Although the Poles living in Germany are almost twice as numerous, they have only 68 State elementary schools, 1 high school and 25 private elementary schools. The reliable *Kurjer Warszawki* recently published an article in which it was stated that in German Upper Silesia, where the Polish population is almost equal to the whole German minority in Poland, only 193 Polish children are allowed to be taught in Polish schools.

The *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Warsaw reports the following example of German methods:—

> A Polish school was opened in Centawa, a village in German Silesia inhabited by about 600 Poles, forming 99 per cent of the population; 280 children were enrolled. But soon the police began to question the parents: Why did they send their children to a Polish school? Were they sure they were doing right? Where did they work? This was sufficient to reduce the number of pupils to 100. Today, owing to further police activity of this sort, only 9 children still attend the school; the others are in German schools. Poles who send their children to Polish schools and not to German ones are deprived of their jobs, fined under various pretexts and terrorized.

This determination to suppress the Polish language is carried out even in the Polish churches. More than a thousand localities which had borne Polish names for ages have had German names thrust upon them, and Poles are everywhere being 'advised' to adopt German family names.

However badly they may be treated, the Poles living in Germany dare not complain because of the close Gestapo surveillance that is kept over them. And whatever their fate, Poland dares not accuse the powerful and belligerent Reich.

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THOSE ADMIRABLE and instructive Swedes! The success of their Labor Government in overcoming the last slump is universally known, and many of its schemes were adopted abroad. Just now the country is enjoying a phenomenal prosperity, for production is 40 per cent higher than the 1929 record, unemployment has vanished and prospects are good. Yet the Swedes are preparing for the emergencies of peace even while rearming to defend their neutrality in the event of war. After prolonged study the Government has drawn up a detailed works and relief program that can be put instantly into effect upon the threat of a new slump. Provision is made for a ten-year depression period, which would involve a maximum expenditure of $715,000,000. Of this amount, $180,000,000 would be spent directly by the State on building, and $140,000,000 would be spent on public works by the Municipalities, a part of the sum to come from a State subsidy. Road improvements have been allocated $240,000,000; agriculture, $115,000,000; and forests, $37,500,000. A total of 200,000,000 'man-days' would be provided. Preparations to finance the plan are already being made through repayment of the public debt out of budget surpluses.

It would be superfluous to point the moral of Sweden's latest example in practical economic planning.

NO LESS AN AUTHORITY than Sir Eric Teichman has called China's new unity 'only skin deep.' That unity, even if it is only superficial, has been largely achieved, and remains dependent upon, two factors: a hatred of Japan, and the ability and prestige of Chiang Kai-shek. The first of these factors has obviously become stronger since the Japanese invasion began; the second must remain uncertain. Chiang Kai-shek is, in fact, the most important element in China's ability to prolong the war and make it so expensive for the Japanese that they may agree to a reasonably equitable peace. He alone, among the Chinese generals, has had adequate preparation in the direction of large armies on many fronts. One of the surprising features of the war thus far has been the willingness of the Chinese war-lords to submerge their jealousies in the face of the common enemy and accept Chiang's leadership. As long as they continue to do so, a sudden collapse of China's resistance is unlikely. If the Generalissimo should disappear from the scene, either through the agency of some fateful Japanese bomb, or because of a cabal against him at Nanking, the present unity and China's slender chance of success would be gravely impaired.

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Will French Labor, now 'the strongest force in France,' seize control?

Does France Face Revolution?

By Robert Dell

From the *Contemporary Review*
London Topical Monthly

EVER since the 'stay-in' strikes in France in the early summer of last year it has been asserted from time to time that France was on the verge of revolution. During the strikes the wildest stories were published in the press of various countries. There was talk of rioting, violence and even of murder. Many of these stories were spread by French people on the Right in politics to damage the People's Front Government which had come into office on June 1st, 1936. I was told last year by an American friend who visited Switzerland that a French Count and Countess staying in the same hotel had said that in the place where they lived in France a factory had been taken by storm and the owner of it had been murdered. The story turned out to be a pure invention. I was in Paris at the time of the 'stay-in' strikes and I have never seen strikes more orderly. The strikers, enthusiastic as they were, were perfectly good-tempered and there was no violence of any sort.

The strikes had no revolutionary aims—they were strikes to obtain better conditions of labor and nothing else; but it is quite true that the method of the 'stay-in' strike might be very useful in the event of a revolutionary movement. The movement of last year may turn out to have been a dress rehearsal.

Now, on the other hand, the conditions in France have, in my opinion, become revolutionary, and a revolutionary—or at least unconstitutional—movement is possible in the near future. It will not, if it comes, be made by the Socialist or Communist Party, but by the C.G.T. (*Confédération Générale du Travail*)—the French trade union federation. Last year's strikes gave an enormous impetus to the French trade union movement. Applications for membership poured in in such numbers that the trade union officials could not cope with them. In certain industries the trade union membership was increased tenfold in a few weeks.

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The increase has gone on steadily and the trade unions affiliated with the C.G.T. have now more than 5,000,000 members—a larger membership than in England or in any other country except Soviet Russia.

The organized workers are thus about 12 per cent of the whole French population and represent with their families a much larger proportion. In 1914 the membership of the trade unions affiliated with the C.G.T. was considerably less than one million and they were much less strongly organized than now. The C.G.T. has become the strongest force in France.

II

The C.G.T. is not and never has been connected with any political party, although, of course, many of its members belong to one, usually the Socialist or the Communist Party. Before the war it had an economic theory of its own, which was known as Syndicalism—*syndicat* is the French word for trade union. Syndicalism is fundamentally opposed to the totalitarian State, to any form of State Socialism or State Capitalism and, indeed, to the political State itself. It is not Marxist but derives from Proudhon, Saint-Simon and to a certain extent from Bakunin, the great adversary of Marx. It believes in the public ownership of land and natural monopolies, but holds that the labor of the community should be organized by the trade unions, not by the State or by the Government. With Saint-Simon, Syndicalists wished to substitute the administration of things for the government of men and, with Proudhon, they believe that in the future the workshop will take the place of the Government. They are libertarian and anti-parliamentarian.

From the first, French trade unions, unlike English and German trade unions, were revolutionary in their character. They aimed not merely at improving the condition of the workers immediately, but also at a radical change in the whole economic system. The C.G.T. was founded in 1895, but it was not until 1906, at an annual congress held at Amiens, that by an overwhelming majority it definitely repudiated parliamentary methods, adopted the Syndicalist theory and approved of the general strike as the method of achieving the social revolution. From that date until the War there was a bitter conflict between the C.G.T. and the Socialist Party.

A sharp division of opinion about the War split both the Socialist Party and the C.G.T. in two. In 1920, at the Tours Congress, the majority of the Socialist Party voted for affiliation to the Third International and became the Communist Party. There was a similar split in the C.G.T., which led to the formation of a second trade union federation, called the C.G.T.U., which professed to carry on the revolutionary Syndicalism of the pre-War C.G.T., but was in fact dominated by the Communist Party. The old C.G.T. became 'reformist' and abandoned revolutionary methods. In 1936 the two federations were once more united under the old title and it was this that began the revival of trade unionism in France.

Although a great many of the officials of the C.G.T. and of the local trade union secretaries belong to the Communist Party, the C.G.T. has during the last twelve months been gradually returning to pre-War Syndi-

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calism. Even many former leaders of the C.G.T.U. are steadily becoming more and more Syndicalist and less and less Communist. The truth is that most of them never really were Marxists and rallied to the Communist Party because it was revolutionary and the C.G.T. had become 'reformist.' Léon Jouhaux, who is still General Secretary of the C.G.T., as he was before the war, is once more the revolutionary Jouhaux whom I knew a quarter of a century ago.

In my opinion, Syndicalism is much more suited to the French temperament than Marxist Socialism, or, as it is now usually called, Communism. Perhaps, as regards their ultimate ideals, there is less difference between the Marxists and the Syndicalists than they think, but they differ profoundly about the methods of attaining their ideals. The French would never accept a system of State Capitalism, such as at present exists in Soviet Russia, however much they might be told that it was only a transitional stage. The totalitarian State in any form is detestable to Frenchmen. In any case, the revival in France of anti-parliamentarism of the Left and revolutionary Syndicalism has become very marked recently and seems likely to have important consequences. It would not surprise me if the Socialist and Communist Parties were ultimately swamped by the C.G.T.

III

An amalgamated Socialist-Communist Party might be better able to come to terms with the C.G.T. than the two existing parties, but, even if that be so, the amalgamation is not likely to come in time to prevent a breach with the C.G.T. The immediate cause of the great revival of revolutionary Syndicalism and anti-parliamentarism is the failure of the People's Front, for it has failed and it can hardly hold together much longer. And the ultimate cause of the failure was the foreign policy of the People's Front Government, or rather its lack of any policy of its own and its subservience to the British Foreign Office and to a reactionary British Government. Léon Blum's capitulation to the British Government on August 8th, 1936, on the question of Spain was deeply resented by nine-tenths of his followers, and now that the disastrous consequences of the capitulation are evident the resentment is deeper than ever.

In the last days of July, 1936, Léon Blum had decided to give every facility to the Spanish Government for obtaining war material in France. A letter that he wrote to the Spanish Embassy in Paris, giving full particulars of what he was prepared to do, came into the hands of the Italian Government, no doubt by the treachery of somebody in the Spanish Embassy favorable to Franco, and was published by the Italian press some months later. Among other things Pierre Cot, the French Air Minister, had authorized the French airplane manufacturers to sell to the Spanish Government all the airplanes ready for delivery to the French army.

On August 2nd, 1936, the French Government decided under British pressure to propose to the other Governments a policy of 'non-intervention' in Spain, but it was clearly indicated that the French Government would not put an embargo on exports of war material to Spain unless and

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until all other Governments did the same. The British Foreign Office got wind of the arrangements made by Léon Blum with the Spanish Government, and between August 2nd and August 8th Sir George Clerk, who was then British Ambassador to Paris, called on Yvon Delbos, the French Foreign Minister, and informed him that if, by reason of the delivery of French war material to the Spanish Government, France got into trouble with Germany, the British Government would not regard a German attack on France as an unprovoked aggression and the Treaty of Locarno would therefore not come into operation. This was in reality mere bluff. The British Government will always go to the aid of France if that country is attacked by Germany because it will never run the risk of allowing the French channel ports to be in German hands.

Léon Blum no doubt knew that it was bluff, but the three leading Radical Ministers—Delbos, Edmond Daladier, Minister of War, and Camille Chautemps, the present Prime Minister—threatened to resign unless the French Government immediately put an embargo on the export of all war material to Spain. At a Ministerial Council held on August 8th, 1936, the matter was discussed. The Cabinet was divided on the question, but finally Blum gave way to the Radicals and the embargo demanded by them was decided on.

Before the Ministerial Council was held, the C.G.T. brought strong pressure on Blum to stand firm even if the Radical Ministers carried out their threat of resignation and even if it meant the break-up of the People's Front. The view of the C.G.T. was that if Blum stood firm and if the Radical Ministers resigned, the Radical Party would split in two and Blum would retain a diminished majority in the Chamber of Deputies. In any case, the C.G.T. held that it was better to take the risk than to betray the Spanish Government under British pressure.

The Communist Party at first supported the C.G.T. in this action, but backed out at the last moment for reasons of internal politics and also, perhaps, under pressure from Moscow, anxious not to risk the disruption of the People's Front. This action on the part of the Communists is resented by the C.G.T. to this day. The result was that the French Government put on an embargo and stopped the export of war material to Spain while the German and Italian Governments discussed the question of 'non-intervention' for a month before they agreed to it, and meanwhile poured into Spain war material and even troops for Franco. As everybody knows the 'non-intervention' agreement was never observed by Germany or Italy after they had signed it. This is what is so deeply resented by the French workmen.

IV

Had Blum stuck to his original policy in regard to Spain, he could have induced the French workmen to allow the Government to go more slowly in the application of the forty-hour week and other social measures. As it was, he was obliged to push those measures too quickly in the hope of allaying the discontent caused by the Spanish policy of the Government. The incompetence of Vincent Auriol,

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the Minister of Finance, did the rest and the People's Front Government succumbed to the attack of the great financial interests. The Government that has succeeded it is not really a People's Front Government, but a coalition of Right-wing Radicals and Right-wing Socialists to which the inclusion of Léon Blum, Pierre Cot and one or two others gives a delusive People's Front appearance.

The Spanish policy was only the first of the many blunders in foreign policy made by the Blum Government, thanks to its subservience to England. After a year of office, that Government has left France in a worse position than she has ever been in for half a century. Nearly all her Eastern friends and allies have been alienated and France has almost ceased to count as a factor in European politics. This, too, is now recognized by an increasing number of French workmen, but it is the betrayal of Republican Spain that rankles most and the downfall of the Blum Government really dates from that betrayal.

The consequence of all this is that a rapidly increasing number of French workmen say that they are disgusted with all the political parties and all the politicians, that there must be something demoralizing in the parliamentary system and that the only hope is in the C.G.T. and in 'direct action.' Léon Blum's influence, once so great, has been seriously impaired, and he and his group have only a small majority on the newly-elected national executive of the Socialist Party.

The formation by the C.G.T. of a non-parliamentary Government is seriously contemplated. A Government composed wholly or partly of persons not members of parliament would not in itself be unconstitutional. The French Constitution does not require Ministers to be members of the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies and, although there has never yet been a French Prime Minister who was not either a Senator or a Deputy, there have often been other Ministers who were neither. Would the President of the Republic, however, consent to ask Léon Jouhaux, for instance, to form a Cabinet and, if he did consent, would such a Cabinet obtain a majority in the Chamber of Deputies? The answer to both these questions is doubtful, but the Syndicalists say that they would do without the consent of the President of the Republic and the approval of the Chamber, if necessary. That would mean something very like a revolution, for a Government existing in such conditions would clearly be unconstitutional.

I do not say that this will happen, for I do not know whether it will happen or not. But I do say that it is at least possible. If it happens, the British Government and the British Foreign Office will be indirectly responsible, for the ultimate cause will have been the pressure brought by the British Government and the British Foreign Office on Léon Blum and his colleagues in the Cabinet of the People's Front to adopt a policy detested by nine-tenths of their supporters. Naturally, those who weakly yielded to British pressure will be directly responsible.

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Power politics in Europe—from the viewpoint of a noted Indian writer.

European Chess-board

By SUBHAS CHANDRA BOSE

From the *Modern Review*
Calcutta Nationalist Monthly

SINCE Mussolini came to power in 1922, Italy has been thinking aggressively of expansion—of a place in the sun—of a revival of the Roman Empire. But until January, 1935, Italy did not herself know which direction her policy of expansion should follow. She had grievances against Yugoslavia, who had robbed her of the Dalmatian coast. She was snarling at France, who had taken the Italian districts of Savoy and Nice and was in possession of Tunisia, in North Africa, with a large Italian population, and of the Island of Corsica, which belongs geographically to Italy. She was hostile to Imperialist Britain, who was in control of 'Italian Malta' and had, with French acquiescence, converted the Mediterranean Sea into a British lake. The tension between Italy and France was particularly acute, with the result that both sides of the Franco-Italian frontier were heavily fortified and guarded.

Then, in 1933, the Nazi Colossus suddenly appeared on the scene and changed the whole aspect of Europe. France rushed to England for support and alliance against the new danger. But Britain was non-committal. Perhaps in her heart of hearts she relished the idea of checking French hegemony on the Continent. Perhaps she was simply following her traditional policy in international affairs. France was annoyed and turned to Italy and Soviet Russia. She wanted to withdraw her troops from the Italian frontier in order to concentrate them against Germany and she wanted an ally on Germany's eastern flank. Thus there came into existence the Laval-Mussolini Pact and the Franco-Soviet Pact.

The Laval-Mussolini Pact in January, 1935, decided for Italy the direction of her future expansion. Italy squared up her differences with France and gave up territorial ambitions in Europe. In return, France agreed to give her a free hand in Africa. The result was the rape of Ethiopia.

After he had conquered Ethiopia, Mussolini made a speech in which he

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declared to the world that Italy had now become a 'satisfied' Power. The annexation of Ethiopia had been regarded by Britain as an encroachment on her preserves in Africa and the speech appeared as a pointer in the direction of the renewal of Anglo-Italian friendship. That expectation was not fulfilled. Though Britain had at first challenged Italy over the Ethiopian question and then beaten a quick retreat before the bluff and swagger of Mussolini, she had not forgotten the humiliation. In order to repair the damage done to her prestige among the Mediterranean and Near Eastern nations she set about strengthening her naval and air bases in the Mediterranean.

It is this determination on the part of Britain to maintain her position in the Mediterranean and to strengthen it further which has irritated and antagonized Italy—for Italy is determined to increase her influence in the Mediterranean through the expansion of her Navy and Air Force, and this can take place only at Britain's expense. It should therefore be clear that the present Anglo-Italian tension is not a product of Il Duce's ill-humor, nor is it a passing phase. It will continue until the question of the future hegemony over the Mediterranean is finally solved through the voluntary withdrawal or the defeat of one of the rival Powers. Fraternizing letters may pass between Neville Chamberlain and Mussolini, Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers may shake hands—but a conflict born of objective factors will continue, so long as its causes remain.

Italy's reply to Britain's renewed interest in the Mediterranean is her intervention in the Spanish Civil War. It would be puerile to think or suggest that Italy has plumped for Franco because of her sympathy for the latter's Fascist aims or her hatred of Communism. Political sympathy she would have for Franco in any case, but she is pouring out her blood and money for Franco primarily for strategic reasons. The same is true of Germany and whoever does not realize this understands nothing of the Spanish Civil War.

II

In spite of her progress in rearmament, Italy is no match for Britain. British rearmament throughout the world has made Italy's position weaker since the end of the Ethiopian War. Britain, through her control of Gibraltar and Suez can, in the event of a war with Italy, bottle up the Italian fleet and impose an economic blockade which might prove disastrous to the latter. Italy has to import most of her raw materials like coal, iron, oil, wool, cotton, etc., and two-thirds of her seaborne trade comes from the Atlantic, while 80 per cent of her imports come over the Mediterranean. Her coastline is long and vulnerable and she can maintain contact with her African possessions, Libya, Eritrea and Ethiopia only if she dominates the Mediterranean.

For all these reasons, an economic blockade combined with an attack from British naval stations, like Malta and Cyprus, could create havoc for Italy and even strangle her. She might retaliate by attacking British possessions in the Mediterranean or British trade passing through that sea, but she can neither attack Britain nor touch Britain's sources of raw materials and food, which lie outside the Mediterranean zone. Thus, matched

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against Britain in war, Italy is virtually helpless and must play a defensive rôle. And as long as Spain remains friendly to Britain, or even neutral, Italy's helplessness will remain unrelieved. Only with the help of Spain can Italy escape from her fatal strategic position. With Spain under her control, Italy could take the offensive against Britain. She could destroy Gibraltar and menace both the trade routes of Britain—the Mediterranean route and the Cape route. As the advent of air power more than compensated Italy for the weakness of her Navy *vis-à-vis* Great Britain during the Ethiopian campaign, so the control of Spain, or even a foothold in Spanish territory, would enable her to convert her present fatally weak and defensive position into a strong, offensive one in the event of a future war.

After considering these strategic factors, one need not be surprised that Italy is so greatly interested in Franco's success. Rather, it is surprising that there should be people in England who sympathize with Franco and the Rebels. This is probably a case of political prejudice (*viz.* hatred of the Socialists and Communists) overriding the dictates of self-interest.

Notwithstanding all that I have just said, it has to be pointed out that Italy today is on the whole a satisfied Power. She resents British supremacy in the Mediterranean and she thinks that as in days of yore the Mediterranean should be a Roman lake. But she will not go to any extreme in her conflict with Great Britain. Intervention in the Spanish Civil War is all right for her, because she knows that none of the Great Powers is yet ready for an international war. Mussolini is far too shrewd a politician to stake his position or the position of his country on a risky adventure in the near or distant future. Therefore, we may rest assured that Italy will not take the offensive in disturbing the peace of Europe—nor will she enter into a war unless she is pretty sure of victory.

III

But Germany under Hitler is an incalculable factor, despite the cautious policy of the Reischswehr. Nazi Germany has been dreaming dreams which can be fulfilled only through the arbitrament of war. Moreover, the economic crisis within Germany has been growing so acute that many observers assert that the day is not far off when she may have to launch a war abroad in order to stave off discontent at home. To understand the future of Germany, we shall have to probe a little deeper.

The new social philosophy of the Nazis, as expounded by Hitler, advocates the purification and strengthening of the German race through elimination of Jewish influence and a return to the soil. In foreign policy, the Nazis advocate the unification of all German-speaking peoples and the acquisition eastward of more elbow-room for the prolific German race. In practical politics, the above objectives amount to the annexation (1) of Austria, (2) of Memel, which she lost to Lithuania, (3) of Danzig, which was made a Free City under the League of Nations, (4) of the German-speaking part of Czechoslovakia, with a population of 3½ millions, (5) of the Polish Corridor and the Silesian coal-fields, which she lost to Poland, (6) of the rich grain-producing lands of Soviet Ukraine and (7) possibly also

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of the German-speaking parts of Switzerland, Italian Tyrol and other adjoining countries.

Since none of the countries concerned will oblige Germany by handing over any of the above territories, it goes without saying that she can realize her political objectives only through war. Germany herself is fully alive to this fact and that is why she has been rearming at a terrific rate on sea, land and in the air. Having repudiated the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty in March, 1935, and having reoccupied the Rhineland in March, 1936, Germany has recovered her self-respect and her full national status as an independent State. Her continued rearmament under these circumstances can have but one meaning—*viz.*, preparation for war. Her rearmament has driven the last nail in the coffin of international disarmament and in sheer panic the whole of Europe is now engaged in rearming. When such frantic preparations for war are going on all around, the slightest incident may one day light an international conflagration.

IV

Now let us consider to what extreme Germany will go in achieving her aims. At what stage will she go to war and with whom?

One thing is certain: Germany has not forgotten the lessons of her last defeat. Hers was not a military defeat, but an economic one. It was the British Navy which was primarily responsible for starving her to submission. It is therefore certain that Germany will not enter into a war if she knows that Britain will be against her. In 1914, Germany, foolishly enough, did not believe until too late that Britain would take up the gauntlet on behalf of Belgium and France.

In his book, *Mein Kampf*, Hitler asked for a final show-down with France, but Germany's foreign policy has been modified since the Nazis assumed the reins of office. Germany no longer wants to get back Alsace-Lorraine from France or Eupen-Malmedy from Belgium. In other words, Germany does not demand a revision of the frontiers in Western Europe. The reason for this is not far to seek. Germany knows quite well that an attack on France or Belgium or the Netherlands will bring Britain into the arena at once and there would probably be a repetition of the last war. Germany has therefore been continually offering to sign a Western Pact which would guarantee the status quo in Western Europe. For a large number of British politicians this offer is a tempting one, because it removes once for all any possible threat to immediate British interests.

Germany is now preparing in three directions. Firstly, she is undertaking all-round rearmament. Secondly, she is trying to make herself self-sufficient as regards the supply of food and basic raw-materials as a provision against a future economic blockade. This work was started last year in accordance with Germany's Four-Year Plan. Thirdly, she is trying to persuade the Western Powers to agree to neutrality in the event of a war in Central or Eastern Europe. Until all these preparations are complete, it is extremely doubtful that Germany will voluntarily resort to a war.

To win over Britain to an attitude of neutrality, Germany has launched in that country a large-scale propa-

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ganda which has already attained a fair measure of success. In this effort, she has exploited the general hatred of Communism which can be found among the richer and middle classes in Britain. As a result of this endeavor, there is an influential pro-Nazi group in Great Britain—with supporters in the House of Lords, in the City of London and generally among the ruling classes and the fighting forces. It is widely believed that Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, Premier Neville Chamberlain and Sir Robert Vansittart, the strong man in the Foreign Office, are all pro-Nazi.

V

Will Great Britain's foreign policy ultimately follow a straight line, or will it continue to wobble, as it has often done in the past? At the present moment, British public opinion is terribly confused. Firstly, there is the pro-Nazi group, referred to above, which wants a Western Pact and no commitments in Central and Eastern Europe. Secondly, there is the anti-German Conservative group headed by Winston Churchill, which is distrustful of the Nazis and apprehends that when Germany is once supreme in Europe she will challenge British interests abroad. Thirdly, there are the Socialists and Communists, who on ideological grounds are anti-German and pro-French in their general attitude.

In the midst of this confusion the British Foreign Office, despite Anthony Eden, is following a definite policy, *viz.*, to persuade France to give up her interest in Central and Eastern Europe. The aim of Vansittart's policy is to force Germany to be and to remain a European Continental Power. That is why Britain acquiesced in German rearmament, made the Naval Agreement with Germany in June, 1935, advised France to ignore German military occupation of the Rhineland in March, 1936, and warned France not to help the Spanish Government though she was clearly entitled to do so under international law. It is further alleged by those who are in a position to know diplomatic secrets that the British Foreign Office encouraged Poland to come to terms with the Nazi Government. It also encouraged Belgium to break the alliance with France and return to neutrality, and Yugoslavia to make friends with Italy and Germany against the advice of France. It further encouraged the pro-Nazi Henlein Party in Czechoslovakia and intrigued for breaking, or at least slackening, the bonds of the Little Entente and of the Balkan Entente both of which are under French influence.

It would not be improper to conclude from the above facts that the British Foreign Office has been secretly working against France, at least in Europe.

At present the German Foreign Office is playing an aggressive rôle, while France is busy trying to counteract its activities. Last year, for example, France made energetic efforts to recover her influence in Poland and a number of visits took place on both sides. But it seems probable that the Franco-Polish Alliance will never become a living force again and that in the future Poland will follow an independent foreign policy—that is, a policy of neutrality in the event of a Franco-German or Russo-German conflict.

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Germany is now exceedingly busy trying to weaken France by undermining the Little and Balkan Ententes and by getting a foothold in Spanish territory. With the help of her alliances and friendly contacts, the position of France today is exceedingly strong, and as long as this position continues she will never agree to withdraw her interest in Central and Eastern Europe. She will continue to insist —as Litvinov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, also does—that peace is indivisible and that there should be one European Pact to guarantee collective security to all the States under the ægis of the League of Nations. Failing this, besides the Western Pact there should be another pact to guarantee peace in Central and Eastern Europe. To this, Germany does not agree and will not agree.

VI

France has fortified herself with military alliances with Czechoslovakia and Soviet Russia. The two latter Powers have also a military alliance between themselves. Consequently, these three Powers will be found together in the event of an international emergency. Czechoslovakia has an understanding with the other Little Entente Powers, Yugoslavia and Rumania. And Yugoslavia and Rumania have an understanding with Greece and Turkey through the Balkan Entente.

What Germany hopes is that by weaning away Yugoslavia and Rumania, she will isolate Czechoslovakia in Central Europe—for help from Russia can reach Czechoslovakia only through Rumania or through Poland. Poland is no longer a problem to Germany because of the non-aggression pact. Through Britain, she is trying to persuade France that as a military factor Soviet Russia is not of much consequence and that France should denounce the military clauses of the Franco-Soviet Pact. Last but not least, Germany is trying her level best to obtain a foothold in Spanish territory, so that in the event of war with France she could stab her in the back by cutting off her communications with North Africa, where France always obtains large supplies of men and materials when war breaks out in Europe. Germany hopes that by weakening France on all sides and by putting pressure on her through the British Foreign Office, she will ultimately make her agree to a Western Pact, giving Germany a free hand in Central and Eastern Europe.

But will France fall in with Germany's plans? Ostensibly not. For Britain it is immaterial who dominates the Continent—France or Germany—for Britain's interests lie outside Europe. But France cannot so easily abandon her allies in Europe, for, unlike Britain, she is a continental Power, besides being a colonial Power. Moreover, France is fighting not merely for power and prestige, but also for her national safety. Her population is stationary and is about two-thirds of that of Germany, whose population is still growing. Consequently, France has a genuine horror of German invasion, while Britain has not, as long as the German Navy keeps to the prescribed limits of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement. There is in France a deep distrust of German aims. As one writer has put it, in France the Right hates Germany, the Left hates Hitler. In these circumstances, it is extremely doubtful if France will ever

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give up her alliances in Central and Eastern Europe as long as the violently nationalistic Nazi Party remains in power.

The issue of the Spanish Civil War is hanging in the balance and it is too early to say how far German designs will succeed there. But in Central and Eastern Europe they have made notable headway. In Rumania, the King and the Cabinet are, on the whole, pro-German and the Francophile ex-Foreign minister, Titulescu, has lost considerable influence. There is an anti-Semitic pro-Nazi Party, the Iron Guard, led by Codreanu, which is behind the Government. In Yugoslavia, Premier Stoyadinovitch is pro-Nazi, while the Royal Family is under British influence. In Greece, Premier General Metaxas, who has made himself Dictator, is undoubtedly under German influence. Then Hungary and Bulgaria, being 'Have-not' Powers, are expected to line up with Germany if they see any chance of having their national grievances redressed thereby. Thus it appears that Germany has stolen a march on France throughout the Balkan Peninsula and besides she has been throwing out commercial baits in profusion.

But in international politics there is seldom finality. France is following on the heels of Germany everywhere. It is difficult to predict how long the Governments of Metaxas in Greece or Stoyadinovitch in Yugoslavia will last. The pro-French party in Rumania, though out of power for the time being, is not negligible and the Balkan temperament is proverbially changeable.

The scene is changing from day to day and political forecasts are anything but easy. One thing is certain. If war comes, it will come as the result of a German challenge to the *status quo* in Central and Eastern Europe. But will it come? The answer rests primarily with Britain. Germany will not repeat the errors of 1914 and will not go into a war if she knows that Britain will be against her. She might be trapped into it, as she was in 1914, thinking that Britain would remain neutral. If France and Britain agree to be neutral in a conflict in Central or Eastern Europe, war will break out in Europe as surely as the sun rises in the East, the moment Germany is ready for it. Even if France lines up with Soviet Russia, provided Britain remains neutral, there may be war, though the upshot of it will be doubtful.

At the present moment, two scenes need watching—Spain and the Balkans. If Franco wins, it will be a victory for Italy and Germany and will mean the end of British hegemony in the Mediterranean and dark days ahead of France if war should break out on the Continent. In the Balkans, if Germany succeeds in seducing Yugoslavia and Rumania away from Czechoslovakia, she will, in the event of war, be able to overrun Czechoslovakia within a few days. But the bigger problem will remain Russia. She thwarted Napoleon—the conqueror of Europe. Will she thwart Hitler?

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The complaints of a foreign newsgatherer in Germany; a candid report on the Nazi régime; and Pastor Niemöller's last sermon before his arrest.

The German Scene

I. Berlin Correspondent

By B

From the *Weltwoche*, Zurich Independent Weekly

THE foreign correspondent who is assigned to Berlin lives strangely and somewhat precariously. Except for those who represent countries whose political systems are similar to that in Germany, they lead a difficult and frequently troubled life, which is rich in suspense but which all of them would prefer a little simpler and soberer. In no other country are there so many authorities and officials concerned with the foreign press. And in no other country in the world is the relationship between the host government and its journalistic guests so unsatisfactory.

All news and articles of any significance which appear in the foreign press about German events and German personalities are cabled to Berlin immediately upon publication. Frequently the German embassies and consulates abroad work hand in hand with the official German News Bureau; at Berne, for instance, the representative of the German News Bureau is at the same time press counsel to the German Legation. In Berlin, the incoming reports are blueprinted and these blue sheaves are then sent to the press divisions of the Reich Ministry for Propaganda and Enlightenment and to the Foreign Office. Those are the two main centers for the study of foreign opinion of the Reich. The officials of State and Party agencies such as the Reich Food Estate, the Reich Price Control, the Justice Department and the Reich Church Ministry all receive clippings of dispatches and articles concerning them.

Suppressed foreign newspapers are subscribed to by German officials in great numbers. When Siebert, the Bavarian Premier, was in Berne, he lunched with Mr. Schulthess, a member of the Swiss Federal Council. Mr. Schulthess touched upon the problems of the Press and mentioned the fact that a well-known Swiss paper was suppressed in Germany. Mr. Siebert

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emphatically denied this, pointing out that he found it on his desk every morning. Nevertheless, the paper was and is still forbidden to the public. Mr. Siebert was ignorant of the fact that his aides subscribed to several copies.

Dispatches about Germany appearing abroad are scrutinized and certain of them are forwarded to the Gestapo (State Secret Police) and other agencies which immediately begin a search for their source. But this aspect of foreign press work in Berlin cannot be examined here, though pages could be written about the wire-tapping, letter-opening, etc., from which the foreign correspondent in Berlin suffers.

Each correspondent must be accredited to the Propaganda Ministry. He introduces himself, is registered, files two photographs and fills out a form. Not until months later will he receive a residence permit from the Police Department. He is then entitled to question the various authorities by day or night, personally or over the telephone, about events, or about rumors that come to his ears. In some instances he will get satisfactory and truthful information; but generally he will be told that nothing is officially known about the facts, or that no information can be given. This is usually true; the officials simply do not know the facts or, if they do, they may not divulge them. Giving out official secrets would be tantamount to treason and might have the most serious consequences for the culprit.

Let us take the case of the 'purge' of June 30, 1934. Only a handful of officials in the Wilhelmstrasse were 'informed' and at no time would it have been possible for anybody to say more than the official propaganda apparatus wished. Or let us consider the march into the Rhineland in March, 1936: on the eve of that event we correspondents already knew a good deal, but we did not learn until afterward how strict had been the orders for secrecy. In every other country public opinion is prepared to a certain extent —there are conferences or parliamentary caucuses, or other symptoms of impending events. In the Third Reich there is only an ominous silence which is broken by the sudden stroke. To foresee such events, to be able to determine when they will take place, to fit them into the entire scheme of things—those are the tasks of the independent foreign press which has refused the rôle of mail carrier for the Propaganda Ministry.

II

The official foreign press is rather liberally entertained by German authorities. The correspondents may listen from seats of honor as Dr. Goebbels lectures at the Deutschlandhalle. They may be supplied with special credentials and travel to Nuremberg first class at the expense of the Reich in order to hear Adolf Hitler denounce the 'calumnies and lies of the foreign press.' Sometimes they go where they are not invited: for instance, to a service of the Confessional Church, to a German-Christian propaganda meeting; or they may attend suburban lectures on Germany's mission against Bolshevism; or they may visit the markets early in the morning to see how the people fight for the few lemons that are on sale. In short, they try to learn the secrets of daily life in present-day Germany, which appears so calm and peaceful to the casual traveler. The relations of the foreign cor-

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respondents with the Government are not at all helped by reporting 'the truth and nothing but the truth,' even if they base their dispatches upon official information. They find themselves reproached with being malicious, because they report the facts as they discover them without paying attention to the propaganda from Dr. Goebbels's Bureau.

It is not particularly difficult for Germans to establish contact with a foreign journalist and many Germans have had to suffer because of such a connection. In spite of this danger, many correspondents are secretly besieged by complainants and petitioners who wish to explain their 'very special' cases and prove them with documents. Nor are these merely the usual cranks and lunatics who annoy every editorial office. They are frequently well-known scholars, reputable judges, leading bankers and merchants, old diplomats with excellent names, students who are horrified by the educational system, and artists who are frightened by the new tyranny over art. They all want to relieve their hearts by expressing their horror at the incalculable damage that German culture, German economy and German prestige are suffering at the hands of the Nazi régime. On the other hand, the correspondents are openly besieged by official propagandists riding their various hobby horses. The foreign observer stands between these two kinds of Germans and draws his own comparisons.

The many expulsions of foreign correspondents in the last four years, from the Czechoslovak Jew to the Dutch baron, from the Swiss Left-wing Democrat to the British Conservative, have not in the least been able to change the picture of Germany abroad. The expelled correspondents have been replaced by men of the same type, and in their new positions they have hardly been good witnesses for National Socialist Germany.

The strangest symptom in the German treatment of the foreign press is the fact that many of those who have been kicked out were and still are personally popular with officials and leading Party members. '*X* was a most stimulating and pleasant fellow.' One often hears such a commendation, mixed with regret, about some colleague who has been escorted to the border by the Gestapo. As for the correspondents who servilely report only what they are told by the official agencies—mostly the representatives of newspapers in countries where the press has been coördinated—they are much less popular among intelligent Nazis than the critical journalists who are citizens of countries where real freedom of the press prevails.

II. A Spartan Regimen

By T

From the *National Review*, London Conservative Monthly

SOME little mental preparation is demanded of the traveler in Germany who does not wish to be taken unawares. The English visitor bears with him stories he has read in the papers of food shortage, concentration camps,

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persecution of Jews and Christians, racial barbarities, and general suppression. The reception he meets with on crossing the frontier for the first time is disconcerting in the extreme: courteous customs officials, smart hotels with excellent—and cheap—service, magnificent motoring highways, marching youth; everywhere incontestable evidence of industry, efficiency and technical achievement; of vitality, confidence and resolution.

Very difficult is the task of the traveler who sets out to discover whether National Socialism is popular, whether National Socialism will succeed. Economic research may lead the student of Germany to many conclusions. There is indeed something humorous in the letters in the correspondence columns of English papers on the theme of food prices in Germany, written by conscientious searchers after truth who in all probability have never had to purchase food for the family at the most advantageous prices in their own home town. *For Germany is not ruled by figures but by feelings.* It was Emil Ludwig who said recently that if German Secret Service agents in England before the War had spent the same time in studying English character and opinion as they did in studying English armaments, the War might never have taken place.

The standard of living in Germany is slowly sinking. There is incontestable evidence of that. Yet to suppose that this economic decline endangers the position of the National Socialist Government is totally to misunderstand the German character. The standard of living in German cities is still superior to that in England. The wage may be less but the home will be tidier, the family more respectably clad, and the food cooked and served more appetizingly and with a greater intuitive knowledge of its nutritive values. Confronted with the choice of *panem* or *circenses*, the German people have by no means always chosen the former. Circuses they certainly have, and the *Kraft durch Freude* (Strength through Joy) movement is indubitably giving the German working class opportunities for travel within and without Germany that it never enjoyed before.

English opponents of dictatorships are slow to see that the proletariat in totalitarian States has least cause to complain: it is the intellectual who suffers. A deflection of 20 per cent of the money that is being expended on armaments would be sufficient to stem this decline in the standard of living in Germany. That that deflection from guns to butter is not made is sufficient proof that Germany's rulers have nothing to fear from a further tightening of the belt.

II

But one may go further. Economic hardship is not alien to the German people. The privations that Germany suffered in the Thirty Years' War, in the wars of Frederick the Great and of Napoleon, and in the Great War are hard to parallel. They have invariably evoked a response of grim determination and of national unity from the German people. If the Germans like kicking, they like being kicked. *Opferwilligkeit*—a willingness to make sacrifices—is a peculiarly German word, and it is a peculiarly German attribute.

Their preparedness to sacrifice individual needs and privileges and ma-

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terial comforts for the sake of national unity is one of their greatest strengths. *Was hart macht, sei gelobt*—'Praised be that which hardens'—though it be only said to encourage twelve-year-old boys to march twenty miles with a heavy pack or to break the ice for a winter swim, may be heard today on the lips of every leader of the Hitler Youth movement. The Germans have always made virtues of first-class necessities and in doing so they are fortified with something of the ecstasy of the martyr.

On economic grounds Hitler need fear no opposition from the German working class. 'Anyone can rule in a state of siege,' Cavour is said to have declared, and no one would deny that Germany was in that condition. Nor is opposition on political grounds to be reckoned with, quite apart from the obvious failure any opposition would be doomed to from the outset. Today opposition to National Socialism is predominantly intellectual. Four-and-a-half years of constant propaganda, not only by newspaper and wireless, but by play and film, can have a devastating effect, especially upon a people who think little and believe much. Not only in Germany but in any other country none could resist such mental pressure who did not possess an intellectual foundation. It is safe to say that today, with the exception of a few clandestine Communist organizations of negligible importance but of no doubt considerable 'nuisance value' to the Secret Police, working class political opposition to National Socialism has evaporated.

The material for that opposition exists in plenty if it were known! What can be said of the 600 marks received monthly by the 740 Reichstag members? Of the offices filled by Victor Lutze, who is simultaneously Chief of the S.A. (Storm Troops), President of Hanover, Party District Leader of Hanover, Member of the Reichstag and Prussian State Counselor? Of Göring's four palaces with their fantastic interior decoration? Of Max Amann, head of the publishing firm owning amongst other papers the *Völkischer Beobachter*, and President of the Reich Press Chamber, and as such authorized to make laws regulating the life and property of his fellow publishers?

III

The paradoxes that appear so obvious to the foreign observer are for the greater part quite invisible to the German public. We may know in England that while colonies are demanded on the ground that Germany is overpopulated, rewards are offered for increased families; that while the work of the Comintern is ceaselessly abused as the export of an alien political theory, National Socialists living abroad were urged at the recent conference at Stuttgart to be ambassadors of the movement; that while no opportunity is missed to air the grievances of the German minority in Czechoslovakia, nothing whatsoever is said of the persecution of the Germans in the South Tyrol; that while the expulsion of German peasants from the frontier districts in Poland is abhorred, German peasants are being evicted from Obersalzburg so that vast thoroughfares may be built to the Führer's dwelling in the mountains; to say nothing of the paradoxes in internal policy. Among that small proportion of the population that can understand

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English, the *Times* has come to be known as '*Das deutsche Familienblatt*,' the German family paper. In the largest bank of Berlin last month a page from the *Manchester Guardian* containing an article on the German financial position was photographed so that every director might have a copy. But when even the British correspondents in Berlin only learn by 'accident' that whilst the Chinese and Japanese embassies in Berlin have been issuing statements to the German press on the hostilities in the Far East, the German press has received instructions to use only the Japanese statements, it is not to be wondered at if the overwhelming part of the German people is ignorant of what is going on inside and outside their country.

Superficially the present régime may well look as though it would last forever. The working class is not discontented. If the number of fully convinced Party members is small, at any rate it is receiving a constant increase from the ranks of German youth, to whom every idea is an ideal and of whose fervent devotion to Hitler there is no question. The French statesman who wrote in 1914, '*J'espère que la jeune génération verra un temps où on demande à la jeunesse prussienne d'aider la patrie autrement qu'en versant leur sang à la guerre*' expressed a hope as little likely of fulfillment now as it was then.

Such opposition as there is has no such reservoir to draw upon. It is an opposition completely unorganized, completely independent of emigrant contact, for the greater part unknown to one another though knowing of one another, consisting of Catholics and Protestants, of former members of the *Jugendbünde* (youth movements), of young Conservatives and old Social Democrats, and even of Nazis. Unable to take a single step to further that collapse for which they wait, they base their hope on that Browning-like faith that never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph—that a Government founded on falsehood and tyranny can last. As to the question whether all will not be engulfed if and when that fall should occur, they reply that no chaos could be worse than that which followed the War: that Germany made good that chaos in ten years: that in the work of 'reconstruction' that would follow that collapse the foreign Powers would have more reason to coöperate than they did after the War.

But the four great forces of the world—in the words of Mr. H. A. L. Fisher in his *History of the World*—against which Hitler has pitted himself—the Catholics, the Protestants, the Jews and the Capitalists—are not so likely to prove his undoing as tendencies inherent in the movement itself. Hitler is living on the capital of the democratic régime. Of 'capital' in its monetary sense this is least of all true, for anyone who takes over Government in Germany today inherits a legacy of indebtedness to foreign Powers, however much this indebtedness may have been whittled down in the past few years. But there are other kinds of capital.

IV

The pathological state to which the German people worked itself up in the post-War years and proved such a willing subject was a direct outcome

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of those post-War conditions. Before that date the German people had never had experience of political independence or democracy as we understand it. A small boy may chafe at the discipline and routine of school and long for freedom: yet when he runs away he is overwhelmed by the responsibility of making decisions, by his helplessness, and yearns to be back under the old familiar routine, relieved of the mental burden of having to think out each new step, and with everything provided for him. The simile is not inapt. That Germany was often discontented with the rule of her masters, that the number of Socialists in the Reichstag grew steadily in the pre-War years, by no means invalidates the theory.

Stalin tells the story of a band of German Communists who arrived one day at the Hamburg railway station—this was before the War—determined to storm Berlin and restore social equality at any price, but who could not pass onto the platform as there was no one at the barrier to punch their tickets. Germany in fact had not even the initiative of our schoolboy: she did not kick out her rulers—she awoke one morning in November, 1918, to find herself abandoned by her masters and saddled with the responsibility of working out her own destiny. The years that followed 1918 would have unnerved many nations. But for an apprentice in self-control and self-management, the task was too terrifying. To the man who offered to take on his shoulders the whole responsibility not only for carrying out Germany's policy but for thinking it out also the German people willingly surrendered, and a tremor of relief went through the nation in January, 1933, as it assumed the familiar harness—and blinkers—of despotism, in whose service, they were told, was perfect freedom.

Those were the conditions in which the German people was prepared to abandon its liberties. But from different conditions new frames of mind arise. In the meanwhile it is not only on psychological capital that the present régime is living. Five years hence, it has been openly admitted by a Government department, Germany will be short of 35,000 engineers and a similar number of chemists. Compulsory Labor Camp Service for half a year and military service for two whole years are making a breach in the supply of technical experts difficult to fill. But the breach in the life of German youth is more difficult still to repair. The boy of seventeen or eighteen who may have had a desire to study will hardly, after two-and-a-half years of hard manual labor, working cheek by jowl with hundreds of others in the open air, feel inclined to embrace the cloistered seclusion of university life; and even if the zest for study be still there, he must begin all over again, entailing no mean mental readjustment, depending still upon his parents at an age when his contemporaries have been earning their living for at least two years. If he chooses to be a doctor, he will be almost a middle-aged man before he can expect a return for his financial outlay. This lack of technical experts is a problem that Poland and other post-War States have had to face. But Germany's existence in an economic order in which she is determined to isolate herself is at stake if the supply of technicians fails; and failing it is.

There is little indication that the

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policy of regimenting German youth will be slowed down; indeed, the introduction of compulsory Labor Camp Service for women also is regarded as imminent. And here lies perhaps the greatest danger of all. At the age of ten the German boy enters the *Jungvolk* and two or three years later the *Hitler-Jugend*. At seventeen or eighteen he is expected to join either the S.A. or S.S. (Storm Troops or black-shirted élite guards of the Party). Before him, at an age when every physical instinct is fully developed and calling for satisfaction, he has still two-and-a-half years yet of Labor Service and conscription. And similar organizations claim the German girl from the earliest age.

It is a Spartan training and open to the same vice in which Sparta indulged. If the Greeks had a word for it, so have the Germans—*die preussische Krankheit*. Ten and a half years under unparalleled physical and passionate pressure in the company of the one sex—they give a significance to Hitler's words on racial hygiene in his Proclamation at Nuremberg:—

> 'How lovely are our girls and our boys, how shining their glance, how splendid the bodies of these millions who are being schooled and cared for in our organizations! Where are there finer men to be seen than here? It is in truth the rebirth of a nation through the determined breeding of a new man.'

A new man! A Frankenstein or the robot man of Fritz Lang's film, *Metropolis?* In the rucksack of every German boy there is the baton of a field-marshal, of a Moltke; but deep at the bottom, just as surely, lies the baton of a musician. Imperial Germany wielded only the former; the liberal world hoped that post-War Germany would grasp the latter. It is Hitler's strength that he can weld the disciplined automaton with the musician and the mystic. 'None goes so far as he who knows not whither he is going' was a maxim of the only dictator England has ever known, Oliver Cromwell. When Hitler descends from one of his so frequent retreats into the mountains one cannot tell, it has been said, what he may have written on the tablets. 'I walk with the certitude of a somnambulist,' he has said. But sometimes the sleep-walker on the roof-top awakes, and it is then that he falls.

III. Valedictory

By The Reverend Martin Niemöller

Translated from the *Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris German Émigré Weekly

[*The Reverend Dr. Martin Niemöller, who commanded a German submarine during the World War, and later became a leader in the Lutheran communion, was the most fearless defender of religious liberty in Germany against Nazi encroachments until his arrest on July 1st. He still languishes in prison, although the authorities have found it expedient to postpone trial* sine die. *The following sermon, which Pastor Niemöller delivered to his congregation in Berlin on June 27th was his last. It was a courageous declaration of the Christian's duty at a time when the State is determined to convert the Church into an instrument for political propaganda. It will, we believe, become a his-*

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toric document. Pastor Niemöller chose as his text a passage from the Acts of the Apostles: *Chapter 5, verses 34–42.* THE EDITORS.]

Yet doth God remain Israel's solace! Grace be to you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ! Amen.

IT WAS a moment critical beyond measure in the life of the Church. The Apostles had violated the injunction to silence which the authorities had laid upon them. Yes, they had declared openly: 'We ought to obey God rather than men.' In open court they moved to the attack, accusing their judges of murdering God's own Son, the Savior, in order to bring home to them the need of repentance and the promise of forgiveness of sins. And then we read: 'When they heard that, they were cut to the heart, and took counsel to slay them.'

At that moment the lawyer Gamaliel appeared and we must acknowledge that it was only through his intercession that the Apostles were released and the congregation enabled to continue existing and working. Thus our feelings toward him are akin to gratitude, for doubtless he was a clever, decent and pious man. Would that in these days of crisis for the Church through which we are passing there were even a single leader of renown clever enough to appeal to reason, pious enough to exhort to reverence of God, decent enough to call for truth. Perhaps even today his voice would be heeded. Perhaps, then, no such frivolous moral judgment would be passed as in last Friday's press under the title 'A Call to Disobedience'—a matter upon which the Prussian Council of Brethren has yet to act. Today I shall say only this about it—but this I must say.

At the conclusion of the newspaper account in question we read: 'Still another clergyman escaped arrest by flight.' This can only refer to the Reverend Asmussen, who left Berlin upon the advice of the Prussian Council of Brethren. Yet he was neither served with a summons, nor was a warrant issued for his arrest. I have advised the Reich Ministry of Justice that the Reverend Asmussen will be available as soon as a summons or a warrant is issued.

We have as little thought of wilfully evading the hand of the authorities as had the Apostles of yore. Nor are we, any more than they, ready to heed orders given by men to keep back what God bids us to say. We abide, and shall continue to abide, by this rule: God must be obeyed, rather than man. Thus it is today as it was then; and in this situation the counsel of Gamaliel (to the authorities) is a wise counsel, for it is unwise to create martyrs in a cause one wishes to conquer. Moreover, it is a counsel morally beyond question, for it is immoral to fight against convictions with the power of the sword. It is also a pious counsel, for it is impious to anticipate the judgment of God which man cannot know.

II

Would, then, a new Gamaliel help us—if he were to proclaim real freedom of faith and conscience?

Let us not, beloved congregation, deceive ourselves! The High Council accepted Gamaliel's plea for freedom of faith and released the prisoners; but they did not escape the lash and a new injunction to keep silent. 'And

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when they had called the Apostles, and beaten them, they commanded that they should not speak in the name of Jesus, and let them go.' And in the very next chapter of the Acts of the Apostles the storm of the first Christian persecutions gathers in the distance.

Obviously that tolerance for which a lance is here broken cannot be observed toward the Christian faith and its propagation. Obviously one cannot here await in watchful neutrality what will happen, determining one's final attitude according to the result. With all his wisdom, decency and piety, Gamaliel errs in holding the case of Jesus of Nazareth closed, citing such precedents as Theudas and Judas. He errs in representing the case of the Apostles as a new action, the outcome of which should not be predicted.

Actually the Apostles preached the very opposite of what Gamaliel believed and did. They preached Him who was crucified and who rose from the dead. They preached that God had already decided their case; that no visible success or failure could alter the fact that Jesus of Nazareth crucified was the living Lord and Christ of His Congregation; that any decision to acknowledge or deny Him could not be made dependent upon some future sign. Whoever, having heard the word of the Cross, failed to decide *for* this Lord, decided *against* Him even though he were unaware of having made any binding decision at all. The words of Jesus Himself, '*He who is not with me is against me*,' preclude any neutrality. The message from the Cross places before us the alternative: faith or disbelief, salvation or damnation, life or death. Thus all neutrality, including the benevolent kind, here turns to enmity, even though God may avail Himself of it—as everything must serve Him—to realize His will on earth.

Though God utilized it then (in the case of Gamaliel) and may again do so today to help His congregation, the counsel of Gamaliel, however good, honest and pious were its intentions, is a serious temptation for us Christians. It would persuade us to look upon the visible, upon success—to base our faith somehow on experience. And this temptation has more power over us, perhaps, than we admit to ourselves, for we are all too ready to draw from the misery and the sorrow through which we must pass the conclusion: God is not with us, after all; the task put to us comes not from God, after all; it is not, after all, worth while to keep professing it; all is futile and in vain.

III

Dear friends, let us not forget that God has created our salvation in the Cross of His Son; that He administers this salvation to us by allowing us to hear and believe the message; and that there is nothing else in heaven or on earth on which we might base our faith. Let us remember in this time of special trials and tribulations that every effort for security elsewhere, every flirting with support of a different kind, has the very opposite result from that which we desire, leading us to shipwreck and founder. The very Cross of Jesus stands for death, for being forsaken by God. We can foresee nothing else.

Were we to hold with Gamaliel, we would conclude that our faith is based, after all, upon man's word and man's work! But the Gospel says that God's

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love triumphs and manifests itself in faith. Here are God's counsel and God's work, and whoever believes is rich. The sorrow of the congregation, the humiliation we bear in the presence of the crucified Man of Nazareth—these are indeed a painful burden bearing down upon us, and doubt would creep into our souls: our faith—is it after all only the counsel and the work of man? But Jesus says: '*Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, for my sake.*' Our faith hears these words, clings to their promise and grows joyful and confident over them.

Really, my brothers and sisters: Are we joyful and confident?

We have come to know today that pious phrases, a little Protestant enthusiasm, and our normal measure of healthy optimism serve neither us nor others. Anxiety grows, and whoever has had to suffer the barrage of the tempter in these last days—I am thinking of how the Secret Police invaded the locked Friedrichwerder Church last Wednesday, arresting and dragging away from the altar eight members of the Reich Council of Brethren who had assembled there; I am thinking of how six women and a dignitary of the Evangelical community were arrested yesterday in Saarbrücken for having distributed an election leaflet of the Confessional Church on the order of the Council of Brethren—I say, whoever has suffered such things as these is almost ready to repeat the words of the prophet and cry: 'Now, O Lord, take away my life.'

And whoever has, as I had on Friday evening during the communion service, no one beside him but three young men from the Gestapo, under orders to investigate the congregation of Jesus in its praying, singing and preaching—young men who surely once upon a time were baptized in the name of Jesus, who surely once upon a time vowed their faith in their Savior, but who now set traps for His congregation—whoever has seen this, him the humiliation of the Church will not easily leave. Lord, have mercy!

We remember that today over in St. Anne's Church the pulpit remains empty because our Reverend Brother Müller, together with forty-seven other Christian brothers and sisters of our Evangelical Church, is held in custody. We remember at the same time that even within the ranks of the Christian community we hear: 'perhaps not all of them are entirely innocent.' And we remember that the first summary trials are to begin this coming week. My dear friends: Are we truly joyful and confident? Or are we hopeless and frightened?

We have no recourse but to turn to the Crucified One and to learn to say in simple and sure faith: 'In the depths of my heart Thy Name and Cross shine now and forever; thereof will I rejoice!' We then may still be far from feeling true joy like the Apostles, who were deemed worthy of suffering indignity for Jesus' sake. Our path cannot be covered in a day, and it is good so, lest we mistake a mood for faith instead of listening to the Word of our Lord in the face of temptation, ceasing never to read and to teach, to hear and to preach the message of the Cross, the Gospel of Jesus Christ; for our faith feeds on these words and from them springs our joy.

'Lord, give us always such bread!'

Amen.

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Will Madrid and Barcelona fall, like Santander, to Franco's Secret Army?

The Fifth Column

By FERNANDO FULANO

Translated from the *National Zeitung*, Basel Liberal Daily

FROM the beginning of the Spanish conflict there has existed in almost all cities that mysterious *Quinta Columna* which celebrated its first victory in Santander. According to the plans of the Fascist leaders, all Spanish cities loyal to the Government should have fallen in the same manner as Santander.

The Fifth Column assumed its name as an honorary title. It aspired to be the fifth force, supplementing the four original armies of the rebellious generals in their fight against the Spanish Popular Front. The surprise attack against the Loyalists in Santander was carried out according to a pre-arranged plan. The manner in which the conspirators emerged from their hiding places at the approach of Franco's forces and immediately placed their shock troops at his disposal; how they utilized the confusion of the defenders to storm the prisons, free the Fascists, arm them and incorporate them into their ranks; how at one stroke they occupied the key points of the city, disposing of the Popular Front leaders, overcoming the resistance of the militiamen and executing them in great numbers—all these events corresponded exactly with the procedure which has been generally adopted for the emergence of the Fifth Column.

The Fascists had planned to gain control of Madrid in the same manner, particularly from the beginning of November to the middle of March, while the capital was seriously threatened. In Valencia, in Barcelona and elsewhere, the Fifth Column has also been organized and prepared to act upon an instant's notice. Everywhere blacklists containing the names of Loyalists are kept ready—of men who are to be slain at the first sign of a victorious advance of the Nationalists. But the Loyalist counter-espionage has succeeded time and again in disrupting the elaborate network of the Fascist conspiracy which now covers the entire territory of Loyalist Spain. Great vigilance is required, for treachery within might easily become more

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dangerous to the Spanish Republic than all the modern war equipment which the dictators have openly placed at the disposal of the so-called Nationalists.

The Fascist forces are secretly organized in the Loyalist districts on the basis of a triangular cell system. The local leader of the movement takes only two persons into his confidence at a time; each of these two only two others, etc., so that no single member shall ever know more fellow-conspirators than his superior and the two men to whom he gives orders. In theory, at least, this is true. In practice, however, such strict precaution is repugnant to the temperament and the social instincts of the Spaniard. Thus the government service sometimes succeeds without much difficulty in laying bare threads which lead deep into the labyrinth of the secret organization.

II

Toward the end of May the political police was particularly lucky. The Madrid fashion salon of a certain *couturier*, patronized particularly by aristocratic circles, seemed to do a conspicuous amount of business, considering the difficult times; but when the police decided to scrutinize the aristocratic customers a little more closely, the place was found abandoned. Only the sound of a flush toilet could be heard. There the *couturier's* brother was desperately attempting to dispose of documents. The salvage turned out to be anything but unpaid bills.

Overwhelming evidence of a far-flung secret organization was unearthed. Although the *couturier* did his best to warn those compromised, very few escaped arrest. Among those arrested were several leading personalities of the Fascist *Falange*. The exposure of the fashion salon also led to the discovery of further interesting rendezvous. There were, for instance, several boarding houses. In one of them, located in a suburb of the city near the front, the guests were maintaining a constant news service by means of heliographs with the trenches of the Nationalists. Another boarding house had been transformed into a shop where arm-bands and badges with the Nationalist insignia were manufactured, as well as gigantic flags, posters and banners to decorate the streets of the capital as soon as power had been seized. In a third boarding house, a Mexican woman had established a regular espionage bureau. As a foreigner she had connections with foreign embassies and consulates which harbored numerous Nationalist protégés in addition to their own citizens.

Many diplomatic missions in Madrid have served as definite bases of operation for the Fifth Column. Not until June did the Government take firm steps to curb the scandalous partisanship of the Peruvian Consulate General and to enforce greater restraint upon the other diplomatic agencies which had been working all too openly against the Republic. More than five hundred Spaniards of both sexes had sought refuge in the two buildings of the Peruvian Consulate General. Almost without exception they were enemies of the Republic who shamelessly abused the right of asylum. They had at their disposal a radio station of great power and they used it for daily communications with the

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enemy. For a considerable period of time the shelling of Madrid was directed from here.

Although at first sight the close collaboration between revolutionary extremists and the forces behind Franco seems strange, it is a well-known phenomenon in Spain. In Spain there were always underground lines between the revolution and reaction. The Anarchist movement of old enjoyed the patronage of highly placed members of the privileged class which dominated the State. In recent years these circles have repeatedly used the mercenaries of the rebellion, the so-called *pistoleros*, for attacks against the Republic. It was significant that in May, during the uprising of the Trotskiists and the Anarchists in Barcelona, Monarchist and Fascist flags and symbols appeared on many houses. But the followers of Franco had celebrated the triumph of their revolutionary friends prematurely.

In several minor attempts at revolt which have occurred during the war in the Republican hinterland, it was also not quite clear whether the extreme Right or the extreme Left was more deeply involved. The instigators of many attempts upon the lives of the leaders of the Popular Front have likewise remained unidentified. Again, the supplies of ammunition and explosives which were discovered at various places did not all come from the arsenals of the Fifth Column. They did in the case of the 750 bombs which were found in Madrid in June. But the 2,000 bombs which were at the same time discovered in the cellars of the main station at Barcelona had been stored there by the Trotskiist P.O.U.M. for its private purposes. At any rate, the close relations between the Fascists and the Anarchist and Trotskiist organizations was apparent when it was revealed that innumerable Fascists carried membership cards of the C. N. T., P.O.U.M. or the F. A. I. when they were arrested.

III

Until the Valencia Government succeeded in purifying these revolutionary organizations outside the Popular Front, they had offered asylum to Fascist elements, among them numerous foreigners. Thus, under Trotskiist or Anarchist protection, members of the Fifth Column actually succeeded in getting a temporary foothold in important Government offices. They even penetrated the Secret Service of the War Ministry and the General Staff. A certain Veradini, one-time *pistolero* in the pay of the Monarchist organization, Renovación, succeeded in becoming a Divisional Chief-of-Staff and in placing a number of his former prison-mates in positions of high trust. It was not always easy for the political police to expose these disguised Fascists in the positions they had surreptitiously obtained. How their recent efforts to do so have succeeded remains questionable. Innumerable members of high society have subjected themselves to the strangest metamorphoses in order to serve the cause of Franco. In Valencia a center of the Fifth Column was raided. The chief of this group, the Marquis de San Vicente, admittedly an intimate friend of Franco, had long been sought because of his connection with a political murder. His credentials, issued by the Anarchists, were in the name of Alfredo Viegas, a

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traveling salesman. The Marquis 'squealed' and it turned out that each of the thirty under arrest had an assumed identity. The so-called barber was an officer, the bookbinder was a minister, the midwife the wife of a banker, etc.

The Civil War has thrown a great number of Spaniards, especially among the contented middle class, from a placid existence into tragic masquerade, grotesque situation and adventurous intrigue. It is not only the fanaticism of a class struggling for its endangered privileges which serves as impetus, but also a misunderstood patriotism which views political opponents, whether bourgeois Republicans or workers, as nothing more than destroyers of the social order and enemies of the Church. In destroying these enemies every means is permissible and whoever falls a victim in the effort is regarded as a martyr to a holy cause. That is why the share of women in the underground work of the Fifth Column is so great; espionage remains their particular domain. The coöperation of women is of considerable significance for the success of moral and material sabotage, the weapons with which the strength of the Popular Front is to be sapped.

Thus far the greatest success of the Fifth Column has been in Santander, and for that there are several reasons. In Santander its secret machinations could more easily grow and succeed, since the city had for some time lost contact with the rest of Republican Spain and was to a large extent removed from the control and supervision of the central Government. Moreover, the Fifth Column in Santander received an enormous influx of war-weary and favorably disposed refugees from Basque territory. The lack of food was an additional factor in wearing out the vigilance and resistance of the Republican population and in helping treachery to triumph in its own ranks.

How strong is the Fifth Column in Spain? The answer to this question is difficult, but the Column has as yet been unable to prepare other Loyalist cities for an assault comparable to that in Santander.

But Franco, as well as the Loyalist Government, must reckon with the Fifth Column. Actually it is the only army which still continues the Civil War, that is, the internal fight for control of the country. The Generalissimo himself with his Spanish troops has long since become the tool of foreign interests. To conduct the Civil War in the shadow of invading armies from abroad, without whose help Franco would long since have lost—therein lies the tragedy of the Fifth Column. When it opened the gates of Santander to the Nationalists, it opened them to the triumphant entry of Italian divisions. In the same way it will surrender a new portion of Spain's independence to foreigners with each position it wrests from the Popular Front. This shameful knowledge of standing under foreign rule has already led Spanish troops following Fascist colors to open insurrection. Behind the front, too, there is ferment wherever the national conscience has not yet been entirely stifled.

How much longer can Franco rely on the support of the patriotic Fifth Column? May it not turn against his alien-sponsored dictatorship?

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A vivid tale of what is happening on India's troubled Northwest frontier.

On the Border

By Mulk Raj Anand

From the *Left Review*
London Marxist Monthly

She walked along the edge of a deserted millet field toward the molten lava of the copper-colored Swat hills, looking for a track where a herd of donkeys or goats might have passed. She had come out from the village in the scorching heat of the afternoon to collect animal dung to burn for fuel, as, apart from an occasional tangle of thorns or rough scrub, wood was difficult to get for the earthen oven in her hovel amid the cluster of mud huts on the plateau. She looked this side and that, but could not see a sign of man or beast in the waste land.

She stood for a moment on a promontory, and shading her eyes against the torrid glare of the sun with the inverted palm of her left hand while her right held the basket on her head, scanned the nearby hillsides for a bush, as she was sure that some donkey or goat would have strayed away from a herd, in spite of its driver, for a nibble among the thorns.

But there was no sign even of a blade of parched grass. Only the low hills unfolded their protuberant bellies before her vision endlessly above the valley, blood-red and purple, and white where the misty haze of the earth arose to the even sky like a stifled, hot sigh.

She began to walk again as parts of her feet which touched the burning earth through the holes in the soles of her shoes chafed, the pads which she had made of those strips of papers the machine birds had dropped on the village in the morning having slipped out.

'He promised to bring back shoes for me,' she said to herself with a fuming heart, 'and now he has broken all his vows.' For so it seemed to her, since she hadn't heard even a breath or a word from his own mouth through any of the men who had come back from Peshawar, except the rumor that he had been put behind prison bars by the English Sarkar for listening to the talk of Khan Sahib, the brother of Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan.

A hot breeze fanned her cheeks into

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the red flush of a pomegranate, and she strode along lighter at the touch of her memory, which was not so much a thought as a feeling in her belly—a quivering of the nerves.

He did the most outrageous things: 'Karima, daughter of Abdul Rahman, whose cheeks are the envy of the pomegranate and the rose. . . . ' He used to sing the refrain of the well-worn ballad, half-teasingly, half-meaningly, and then gather her into his embrace in spite of her protests, at any time of the day or night when the fancy took him, and her cheeks used to get warmer and warmer till she felt they would burst with the burning.

And now she felt the ache of an emptiness in her belly, impalpable and intangible like a thirst in the dawn. And now she felt the stirring of a dim memory of the rustling of her crumpled shirt and trousers as he crushed her in his arms, the subtle discomfort of the sudden ruffling and the spoiling of her ease that soon melted into the aura of a luxury and left her suffused with the shame of a blush and the happiness of a deep, rich silence, uncannily like the silence of this wild, except that the hush of the land was interrupted by the whining of the flies, the humming of a corn-beetle somewhere. He was a devil whether he was at work in the fields, ploughing and harvesting, or at home.

He said the most outrageous things: 'Karima, daughter of Abdul Rahman, whose cheeks are the envy of the pomegranate and the rose, you are most seductive.' And when she had been carrying Ismat, and her belly had been a quivering warm thing, soft to the touch, especially after she had poured several cans of cold water on herself at the well in the mosque and laid down for a siesta in the afternoon, and felt her unborn child kicking inside her, and complained of it to Shamas, he had said: 'Karima, daughter of Abdul Rahman, whose cheeks are the envy of the pomegranate and the rose, your child is jumping to get out. And I am sure that he will outdo his father in mischief and daring since he is so restless while he is yet the size of my seed in the ripe pear of your womb. . . . ' He was a fool.

II

She lifted her eyes and scanned the hills again. From the liquescent shades of her remembrance the form of her child emerged, soft and tender and fresh, with his father's smell about his little limbs, lying beneath the pupils of her eyes, while the hard, bare earth blazed in a cruel fire before her gaze, glowing like the live coal in her earthen oven among the cinders. She could not yet see a sign of man or beast, and she felt the panic of a smouldering rage and resentment rise in her bosom. For Shamas had been away a year now, as the Ramzan fasts had just ended before he went. And he had been caught by the Sarkar and imprisoned, she didn't know for how long.

Oh, if only she knew, she said to the rocks; if only she knew, she said to the silence; if only she knew that he wasn't dead, she said to the heavens. If only she knew, she said to herself, that he was alive, she would go on working day and night for the English Sarkar, breaking stones on the road that the white men were taking into Waziristan.

But she brushed the delicate skin of her forehead which was covered with

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sweat and shaking her colorful strips of rags, as a hen shakes her feathers, to ease her body from the clamminess of perspiration, she thought Shamas wouldn't like it if he knew that she had been working for a living, breaking stones for the white men. For it was rumored that they were building this road in order to bring their soldiers to shoot the Sons of Adam. But what could she have done? She had to live and keep the child. The tiers of land on the mountain side which Shamas had ploughed for maize and millet were difficult for a woman to till, and the harvest of the year before had been exhausted before the spring.

And she had taken this job because the white men paid an anna a day for working from dawn to midday and an anna and a half for working from dawn till night, besides which she and the other women who toiled thus had got a bad name in the village, and the Mullah was threatening to declare them heretics. But she had a clear conscience before the Prophet of Allah, because when one of the soldiers had whistled to her and given her a sly wink, she had flashed her scythe at him, and he had turned red and moved away, and since then all the soldiers said she was a tigress, and never came near her. 'The father of Rahmat will find me exactly as he left me,' she said, 'and I shall feed his child by any means I can, whatever the people may say. How big a boy he is already, and mischievous like his father. Surely he will be like Shamas in strength, with the black eyes and the eagle nose of his father. Now, he might have awakened in my absence, and I am still wandering. . . .'

She stood for a moment again at the edge of a rock and scanned the depths of a waterless ravine in which the particles of sand glistened like the sparks of lightning which sometimes flashed from the stones under her hammer. There was a pool of water somewhere here, she remembered, where the cattle came to drink. The rock on which she stood was hot, like the burning iron in the smith's shop, and she shifted her feet and glanced all around her impatiently. Perhaps the pool was behind that huge boulder, which looked gray and white. She would step down into the ravine and see if there was any dry dung there. There was a bush of berry trees, too, on a side of the ravine, and the goats. . . . Ah, by the grace of Allah! There were the droppings of a whole herd underneath the shadow of the rock.

She jumped down from the edge of the precipice on which she stood to a foothold on another rock sharply cut like a slate. There were holes in the clay crevices below the slate, and she was a little afraid, because the fissures in these mountains often harbored snakes.

She descended a step, and then, as if impelled by the sheer fascination of curiosity, she stopped, bent her head and looked into a hole, and probed it with her left foot. . . .

A dull, purring noise. . . .

And though she was certain it was not from the hole into which she had probed, she went hurtling down into the ravine, jumping from stone to stone, in a hurry and stood shaking at the base, her legs trembling involuntarily. And for a moment everything shimmered before her dizzy head, and she could only hear the hammer of her heart pounding at her breasts.

From where she stood, she couldn't help looking back to see if it was a

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snake or a wild cat, even though her legs were shaking beneath her, and her breath was held back in her throat against her will. . . .

The purring noise now became a prolonged drone, and it was not from the hole in the crevices at all, or from the ravine, but from somewhere in the sky above. She lifted her head and jumped up to the boulder from which she had descended, filling courage into her heart and willing strength into her body. She nearly slipped from the glazed stone and, shaking like a tree in a storm, missed a heart-beat. Then she scrambled up to the rock.

III

Against the haze of the sky where the sun rays trembled like the smoke of a furnace, droves of steel birds were wheeling like the ominous white eagles before the coming of a famine and were excreting solid vessels of dung.

Before she had breathed another breath, one of the vessels struck the edge of the plateau near the house of Din Gul, the blacksmith, and burst with a terrific explosion, raising a cloud of dust into the sky.

The loud purr of the machines now became the reverberating sweep of an endless thunder, cracking up the heavens with such a sharp lightning that the Judgment Day promised by the Koran seemed to have come. Another vessel fell with a mighty bang, louder than the breaking of a hundred pitchers, and tore up heavy mounds from the side of the naked earth into a spray like the spurt of water from a broken fountain. And another, another and another. . . .

Sharp and clear before her staring eyes and behind them, the horror of the devastation wrought by the steel birds became incarnate like the dread of fire.

'My child, my child!' she cried in a voice that wouldn't rise above her throat. And she ran toward the village.

The steel birds had multiplied, and now dived from one end of the horizon to the other with a metallic, monotonous whine, like the hosts of the Devil in the hell of a torn sky, and an upturned earth and the universe seemed to be engulfed in that long-drawn-out agony promised by the Prophet on the breaking up of the elements.

She ran and ran till the taking of each step was an unendurable ache in her stiffening loins. She jumped over ditches and skipped over the stones and boulders. She could not see the mud huts because of the thick curtain of smoke and dust. But she must get there, though her body be torn into tatters; she must get there. If only she could take the distance in one long jump; if only she could roll down a hillock and cover the vast, unending distance!

She tried to put determination into her failing legs by slowing down, but the bursting of another bag of pitchers held her heart, and the colossal shaking of the earth arrested her feet. And as she saw a rent as deep as a wall before her, she stood stunned. Then she rallied her trembling body into a furious rush, and went, half-moaning, half-sighing: 'Oh, my child, my child!' And as she ran the bottom of hope was falling from the pit of her stomach.

A sudden resurgence of her will, and she stopped to breathe a few breaths. But the noise of cracking earth was frightening, and she lifted her face to the airplanes with an appeal in her

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terror-stricken eyes, with an abject prayer that they should spare her and her child.

She saw now that the mud huts were burning, while here and there on the outer fringes they were in ruins. And men and women were running out, terrified, stumbling and falling, seeking shelter behind huge stones and boulders and dragging their wailing children after them.

The steel birds came whining over the village again and swept the dark clouds of the rising smoke aside with the terrific detonation of more vessels. She stopped once more against her will and looked up to the planes with a hatred that churned the bitter taste in her mouth into a white froth; she lifted her fists up to the sky with a wild movement of revenge, and then waited as if to see whether the force of her hatred had destroyed them. But the steel birds purred across the valley from side to side, raining bomb after bomb on the village. She moaned a terrible, helpless moan, that was half-sob and half-shriek, and ran frantically forward, crying: 'My child! Oh, my child!'

'Stop there, the mother of Rahmat,' shouted Abdul Mejid, the brother of the Mullah, who was shooting his powder gun at the steel birds under cover of the potter's wheel. But she rushed along as if she were drawn by the fear that a sudden darkness would envelop her eyes.

'Stop, you foolish woman,' Mejid said, extending his arm to bar her way.

But she struggled against the stiff muscles of his arm with all the resistance of her body, weeping without tears in her eyes, and crying a shrill wail: 'My child! Let me go! Oh, let me go and save my child!'

'The village is burning. Don't you see, mad woman?' Mejid shouted. 'Those sons of the Devil have annihilated it.'

'Let me go, let me go,' she wailed and she bit his hand.

He withdrew his arm as if he had been stung by a scorpion, and was left standing with an impotent rage that seemed to quench the energy of his flesh and congeal the blood in his eyes.

'By Allah,' he growled, 'they will not wipe out all the Sons of Adam who are free.'

IV

She had darted past Abdul Mejid only to find that the burning beams of the huts barred her way. For the briefest moment she stood afraid of jumping across the fire. Then she ground her teeth, closed her eyes, murmured '*Bismillah*,' and leapt through the flames. She almost fell on a mound on the other side, but recovered her balance and ran, gathering her clothes about her and hissing hysterically.

A bomb burst ahead of her in the courtyard of the mosque; the waves of fire swept aimlessly; and the constellations in the sky seemed to hurl themselves on the earth in the final throes of a universe doomed to live in darkness after the angel Gabriel had finished his work of destruction.

But her feet were still firm on the earth through the lashings of the burning, scalding, suffocating heat. And as she capered from one bare mound of crumbling wall to another, she was trying to see how her child would be lying among the ruins. From the scarred, jagged edges of all the broken houses it seemed certain that he must have been buried beneath the debris, and she involuntarily gave a piercing

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shriek as if she were looking at his dead body. But the dome of the mosque stood intact, and she would not believe her vision. After all, the roof of her hut might have escaped, and he might still be alive, though he would be crying. There beyond the narrow alley-way. . . . She would donate sweet sugar on the shrines of all the *Pirs* if he were safe.

Then she saw, however, that the roof of her hut was burning, and one of the walls had half fallen in, while some of the woodwork was crackling.

She hesitated to look round, beckoning the courage of her will beyond the despair of her frightened body and mind. Then she rushed onward, her nostrils filled with the smell of smoldering cloth, her eyes smoked into blindness. She swung her arms forward to open the door, and was met with an avalanche of fumes. But she dived into the hovel and groped toward the child.

The cot on which he lay was burning, and the child was red with whining, its fists raised into the air in the last struggle to clutch at something.

'My child, my son!' she sobbed, and fell upon him with a wild flourish of her arms, both out of love and with the desire to smother the fire if it had singed any part of his body.

Then she lifted him and turned, her head bent forward.

The straw roof of the hut fell and barred the doorway.

She picked up an earthen jar which stood on the floor and hurled it at the debris of the fallen roof. But beyond fanning the flames, the jar extinguished no more than a bare patch of fire, while the water flowed down singing.

There was nothing left but to crawl through the hole made by the crumbling of the wall on the side. She hugged the weeping bundle of her child's flesh next to her breast, and said as if it would listen: 'Don't cry, my babe, don't cry.' And then, covering it with her apron, she rushed forward.

Her feet caught the red-hot coal of a wooden pillar, and she shrieked. But she was already on the other side of the rent in the wall with the child safe in her arms. She tottered as if she would give in; then she pressed the boy hard to her breast again, giving it a weak smile, as if to put courage into him and herself, and pushed forward through the courtyard. But she felt her apron burning. She bent and tore it away. It burned her hand and caught her tunic even as she cast it to the wind. She rubbed her arm over the skirt, and smothering the flame, ran through the lane. The mud huts were cracking and falling, and the debris in the lane was ablaze with flames which soared to the sky, breaking up into shining particles like shooting stars, which fell away extinguished.

She looked back toward the mosque to see if she could escape through the alley that lay under its shadow. But now the dome of the mosque had fallen athwart the courtyard, and it was likely that the way there was barred completely.

'Abdul Mejid! Oh, Abdul Mejid!' she cried, as she circled round and round in the trap.

But there was no answer to her feeble voice among the voices of this hell, except the groaning of people in the adjacent houses, among the roaring of the flames of fire which wrestled for mastery with the thundering demons overhead who had been let

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loose by Allah in recompense for the evil deeds of this ill-fated village.

With a shriek of terror, she pressed her child fast to her bosom and rushed toward the end of the lane by which she had entered, thinking that she would jump across the only beam that seemed to be burning there above the debris.

Just as she got within ten yards of it, she saw that a whole roof had fallen across the mouth of the lane, and the burning straw beneath the mounds of clay was flaring up wildly.

'Oh, Allah, where are you?' she cried, striking her fist on her head. 'Oh, Allah, hear my cry! Prophet of Allah, intercede on my behalf! Oh, Shamas!' And she rocked with hysterical cries, alone, unhearing and unheard. And then she stood, dazed by the fearful impenetrable curtain of fire that ridged her path, her body aching with the sting of the terrible, all-pervading heat, her head wheeling with the weakness that the breathing of volumes of poisonous smoke had created. She looked down at her child and saw that it was fainting.

She jumped desperately across the ramparts of the fire, her mind struggling against the twilight of a breath with the brittle dagger of her will. But she fell into the pit of the straw roof and lay across the flames, groaning with the torture of a heart that would not burn, weeping from the eyes that bulged out of their sockets but would not close, sobbing, with the face of her child pressed to her cheeks, a sob that would not choke her. . . . 'My child, my child, oh, my child!'

The agents of Eblis seemed to stand fixed on the western horizon, remote and distant, after their magnificent dance in the air, as if they were witnessing with serene satisfaction the fire, the carnage and the destruction they had let loose in the abyss of the nether world. . . .

Are They Sure?

Enough evidence from numbers of sources has reached this country to indicate that, in spite of the inaccuracy, imagination and deliberate falsification of newspaper reports and the propaganda departments of the Governments concerned, there has been a certain amount of air war in China.

—*Aeroplane*, London

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Persons and Personages

Casimir's Downfall

By Cyrano

From the *National Zeitung*, Basel Liberal Daily

POOR Count Casimir de La Rocque! The fate of the supreme chief of the French Croix de Feu almost arouses one's sympathy. His own friends are hot on his trail, like a pack of bloodhounds. Every day dozens of articles appear in the French Rightist press, from the *Action Française* and *Jour* to the *Liberté*, containing charges and exposés; and it is true that they have turned up a great deal of incriminating evidence against the Colonel who was once so celebrated and regarded as the 'coming man' by all Nationalists. Only yesterday, it seems, he was the forthright anti-parliamentarian leader who was to rescue the Republic from the morass of democratic corruption.

What has happened? What brought about this surprising campaign—from the Right, of all quarters—against one until so recently hailed as an irreproachable patriot? Nor is it merely a campaign; it is a fight to the death, a war of extermination against one who has suddenly become unpopular, but who is still backed—if his claims are true—by two million followers.

The scandal began with the sensational exposure of de La Rocque by his former friend, Duke Pozzo di Borgo, who had been but half a year ago among the leaders of the Croix de Feu. This Duke (who, it is asserted, is no Duke at all) administered the first body blow to Count Casimir in *Choc*, a Clerical-Fascist weekly published by one Colonel Guillaume. Others followed.

Behind Pozzo di Borgo, on the other hand, stood André Tardieu, former Premier, and Jacques Doriot, the former Communist and present idol of the Nationalists. Tardieu told Pozzo di Borgo bluntly and frankly without regard for official secrecy that he had every month forwarded to the Chief of the Croix de Feu an envelope containing 20,000 francs from the secret funds which were at his disposal as Premier. Because of these statements, Léon Daudet, the Royalist leader and director of the *Action Française*, in innumerable editorials called and still calls the Count a blackguard, a liar and a bought traitor to his very pores. That is the aristocratic vocabulary of the Boulevard St. Germain against a national officer, and not the language of the much-slandered Marseilles *milieu*. All this was said in brilliantly written editorials on the front page of

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each issue, in space ordinarily reserved for attacks upon Republican Ministers.

What did de La Rocque do? At a great meeting of the Croix de Feu in Bordeaux the vice-president of his league, the super-nationalist Deputy Ybarnegaray, launched his defense. It was a weak defense, for seemingly even this stalwart had to fight with a broken foil. He poured out incense for his harassed friend, who, in return, called him a '*Chevalier de l'amitié*' in his *Flambeau*. But the Knight of Friendship parried and failed to answer the direct questions which came to everybody's mind. He cited generals as character witnesses, among them the elegant Marshal Lyautey, a true gentleman; but all these defense maneuvers were inadequate and failed to impress the compact front of those who accused the patriot-hero of having sold himself out to the Ministers of the Republic which he pretended violently to attack. Finally, not long ago, the embarrassed leader declared in Bourges that he would hale into Court all who participated in the campaign of calumny against him.

THE chief opponents of Count Casimir in the political arena are Léon Daudet and Charles Maurras, spokesmen of the so-called 'integral nationalism;' Léon Bailby, editor-in-chief of the Fascist daily, the *Jour;* Colonel Guillaume, publisher of *Choc*—a most suggestive name in this instance, for he himself has been struck down by some burly friends of de La Rocque and suffered a concussion of the brain. Another opponent is the pseudo-Duke Pozzo di Borgo, allegedly a multi-millionaire and a Monarchist. His most intelligent and powerful opponents, Tardieu and Doriot, remain in the background at present.

The following are some of the questions that are being asked in France:—

(1) What caused M. Tardieu to proceed against de La Rocque *at this time*, and violate official secrecy by revealing the disposition of secret funds?

(2) Will a majority of the Chamber approve the motion of a Deputy to summon before the Supreme Court the Ministers who supported a notorious enemy of the State and of the Republican Constitution with money from the secret funds?

(3) Is it true that the agitation against de La Rocque followed his refusal to incorporate his league (with its millions of members, its funds and all its assets) into the notorious 'Liberty Front' of the former Marxist Doriot and to submit himself to the leadership of this prospective dictator?

The friends of de La Rocque, the 'national savior,' had no objection to the secret funds until now. MM. Tardieu and Laval must have regarded him as a valuable fighter, otherwise they would not have sup-

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ported him. He was their man, chief of the anti-Republican Croix de Feu; for them he was the national hope. Now this pillar of nationalism is felled overnight, as soon as a renegade from the Left appears—a man who springs from the people, a powerful orator, an unscrupulous demagogue who knows the masses of the workers and desires to alienate them from the Popular Front. Here is a fellow after the hearts of the French Fascists. Here, at last, is the French Hitler or Mussolini! This Doriot is no inactive officer, like the indolent Colonel de La Rocque, romantically dreaming of '*the Day*' but never striking. So it becomes necessary to neutralize de La Rocque, to compromise him, to kill him politically. Only then will the funds which the banks, heavy industry, the aristocracy and big business have hitherto donated to de La Rocque flow into the pockets of the new Liberty Front. Only then will all the brave and oh, so moral, pioneers of French Fascism get their fill—from Daudet, whose *Action Française* cannot show enough moral indignation about the poor Count and who would gladly have drained the millions into his own 'Royal' pockets, to the fine gentlemen of the *Gringoire* and the *Jour*, who are now depicting their friend of former days as a prostitute, as a traitorous '*canaille*.'

It is a fine crowd, one must admit. It is the same crowd that tried to discredit the Republican account of the shameful corruption in the Stavisky affair. They failed. Now they blame de La Rocque, who, on February 6th, 1934, waited too long and did not call upon his forces to strike.

The Nationalist hope of yesterday becomes the scapegoat of today. The bitter strife among the Nationalists, who are fighting each other with such vicious hatred and venomous envy, will beyond doubt strongly influence the sensitive French electorate. But the political effects of the de La Rocque scandal cannot as yet be foreseen. The more intelligent and cautious among the Rightist politicians, like Kerillis of the *Époque*, fear that the Socialists and Communists will make important gains, possibly even exerting considerable influence upon the future composition of the Senate, which has been reactionary until now. A more radical Senate would not only create an entirely new situation in France, but would also bring into power a new 'Popular Front' Cabinet, under Léon Blum. The apprehension of the reactionary groups therefore seems well founded.

But will the leadership of the Popular Front preserve its solidarity long enough to utilize the strategic advantages offered by the de La Rocque scandal? It can hardly be assumed that the present setback will leave the reactionary forces with the necessary strength for a Fascist *putsch*. Thus the disgraced de La Rocque has unwittingly proved to be a stabilizing factor for the Republic.

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Admiral Yonai

By Yoshiji Nishijima

From *Contemporary Japan*, Toyko Political and Economic Quarterly

In a time of national and international crisis, Japan's Minister for Marine is one of the key men in the Japanese Government, for on him falls most heavily the burden of guarding the nation's security. We are most fortunate at such a time to have in that responsible post Admiral Mitsumasa Yonai, formerly Commander-in-Chief of the Combined Fleet, who enjoys not only the confidence of the Navy but also the respect of the entire country.

Admiral Yonai was born in Morioka City, Iwate Prefecture, in 1880, but he does not look his years. His robust constitution gives him the appearance of a young officer. His late father was known as an influential politician, who spent so much of his fortune on political activities that his son was brought up in financial embarrassment. As a matter of fact, he inherited large debts from his father, and to the need for paying them off is attributed the simplicity of the life he has led, though part of the credit must go to the able guidance of his mother, who is still living at the age of eighty. His occupancy of the topmost position in the Navy has made little difference in his daily life, which is typical of the middle class. His daughters take the place of servants in the Yonai home, and the reporters who called when he was appointed Minister remarked with surprise that the residence was hardly in keeping with his high rank. Admiral Yonai is faithful to the old proverb that 'Samurai do not love money.' Yet he is known to be very liberal in helping his juniors financially.

Morioka, his birthplace, is in the Tohoku, or northeastern district, which has given to the Navy a number of celebrated admirals, including the late Premier Admiral Viscount Makoto Saito and the late Admiral Sojiro Tochinai. After graduation from the Morioka Middle School he entered the Naval Academy at Etajima. Most admirals can boast of having ranked high on the graduation lists of the academy, but not Admiral Yonai. His name appeared relatively far down, too low to give him honors. His career, however, has shown that it did not place him at a disadvantage.

As a sub-lieutenant, Yonai took part in the Battle of the Japan Sea in the Russo-Japanese War, in which the destiny of the nation was at stake, aboard a destroyer which helped in night attacks on warships of the Russian Baltic Fleet. For three days and three nights he went with-

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out sleep. When the victory was won, his companions thought they discerned a change in his character. He has since admitted that the battle proved a test of character that abruptly ended his previous inability to control his feelings when taken to task by senior officers, a weakness which had brought him frequent chastisement.

After the war, he studied gunnery at the Naval Academy and became chief gunnery officer of a cruiser. He is hard of hearing in the left ear as a result of arduous gun practice. In honor of the Coronation of King George V in 1911, Japan sent to England the warship *Tone*, aboard which the future Navy Minister was chief gunnery officer. This introduction to Europe was followed during the World War by appointment as Naval Attaché to the Japanese Embassy in Russia, in which capacity he inspected the Eastern Front. When the Japanese expedition was sent to Siberia after the Russian Revolution, he was assigned to the operations at Vladivostok and thus witnessed at close range the great transition of Russia from the Tsarist régime to Bolshevism. He has also made himself familiar with German developments and is said to have translated a part of the famous *History of Revolution* by Bernstein, a prominent figure in German Social Democracy, in order to acquire a better knowledge of the circumstances which led to the collapse of Europe's two mighty empires, Russia and Germany.

Admiral Yonai holds to fair and moderate thought. It is his opinion that reckless interference by the military in politics is a source of national trouble, and he has taken pains to see that his juniors think likewise. The Navy Minister, he believes, is the only man in the Navy who is entitled to participate in politics, but at the same time he is firmly determined not to allow outsiders to interfere in naval affairs. His stand is clear and definite, and it has won for him the unanimous support of the Navy.

The Boyhood of Farouk

By Ina R. Naylor

From the *Sunday Express*, London Independent Conservative Weekly

MUCH space has been devoted to the eighteen-year-old King Farouk of Egypt, following his romantic engagement. But very little is known about him because, in the peculiar circumstances of Eastern royalty, he grew up in the strict seclusion of the royal palace.

It was my privilege to spend thirteen years in the service of his father, King Fuad, and to watch this delicate boy grow up to be the strong, healthy youth he is today.

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Quite the most striking fact about his early life is this: that until he came to England for the first time six months before his father died, he had never spent an hour alone in the company of a boy. His only playmates had been his four sisters. His devotion for his sisters has saved him from the loneliness of a boy who has spent his life in a palace alone. It has kept him high-spirited, courteous and kindly.

It has been reported that the bride he has chosen (Mlle. Zulficar) was one of his childhood playmates. That is not so. He never met her until he set out for England again in June last year. Their romance has developed since then.

Let me tell one personal instance of Prince Farouk's consideration. When he was nine, his portrait was painted by Laszlo. The famous painter asked him to sign his book of autographs. The prince requested that I should sign it, too.

It was tactfully explained that the book contained only royal signatures and that mine would be out of place. But Farouk was insistent.

'If Mrs. Naylor mustn't write her autograph, then I will not write mine.' That is why Laszlo had a 'commoner's' autograph in his book. Underneath my signature is written: '*Present at all sittings for Prince Farouk's portrait: Autographed by special request of H. R. H.*'

His relationship with his father was a delightful feature of life in the palace. When Farouk was made Chief Boy Scout of Egypt an official brought to him a plan of the details of the ceremony. Carefully he was shown where he should stand to take the oath.

'Right in front here, Prince Farouk, facing the nine hundred Boy Scouts,' said the official.

'That is not possible,' said Farouk. 'I will not stand with my back to the King.'

Only then did the officials realize the mistake in their arrangements. Farouk stood together with the nine hundred Boy Scouts facing the King when he took the oath.

The prince was a born practical joker, and never let April 1st pass without enlivening the daily routine.

In an unwise moment I had given him a camera, which, instead of taking photographs, suddenly released a three-yard green snake at the sitter. The first victim he chose was his father. Entering the room I was just in time to hear him say,' Sit still, papa, while I take your photograph.' I was too late to prevent King Fuad getting the full force of the green snake instead of the harmless click he expected, but to my relief the King enjoyed the joke quite as much as the practical joker.

But Farouk has also a serious side to his character. Quite voluntarily he took a keen interest in the people of his country. Out of his pocket money of £5 each month he gave £2 to a poor family and £2 to help poor

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schoolboys to pay for their books and equipment. He had done this for many months before even his parents knew, and he continued his gifts regularly until he left for England.

He was the very essence of kindness and loyalty to friends and servants. While riding one day he lost a diamond tie-pin, and some months later one of the stable employees was arrested when trying to sell it. Farouk pleaded in vain that the man should be pardoned. His father decided that an example must be made of him.

Never again did Farouk wear any jewel when riding. He said it was wrong to run the risk of putting temptation in the way of poor people.

Hearing that one of the palace gardeners had been dismissed because he was 'too old to work,' Farouk asked that he might be allowed to remain, even if he did no work.

'For,' said Farouk (then aged nine), 'If he is too old to work here, he is too old to work anywhere, and, poor chap, he must live.' So the gardener ended his days in the royal employ.

In October, 1935, came the biggest event in his life until his accession to the throne. He left home for the first time to come to England. I can see him now in my mind's eye, his heart very full at leaving all his loved ones behind. Like the manly boy he was, he kept a stiff upper lip as he shook hands with all the staff who had lined up to say good-bye to their beloved Crown Prince.

Farouk's life in England, so tragically cut short by the death of his father, did not permit of much pleasure. 'Work first, then pleasure,' was the principle his father had instilled into him.

Egypt sent to England a happy, carefree boy. He returned six months later a serious youth with the responsibility on his young shoulders of being King of Egypt and head of his house.

While he was in England almost every post brought to Queen Nazli and to his sisters some small token he had bought for them. For King Fuad's birthday he had a cigarette box made with a crown and 'F' in diamonds. This was lost in the disaster to the flying-boat *City of Khartoum*. Farouk at once had a duplicate gift made. King Fuad received it shortly before he died.

Fuad's health seemed to get steadily worse after his son left Egypt. He would look eagerly for the mail and was always greatly cheered when it brought a letter from the boy. On the morning of his death a letter arrived from Prince Farouk. It was in the King's hand when he died.

Farouk stepped into his father's place with a calmness and dignity which would have done credit to a much older man. But even in the grief of his homecoming his first thought was to comfort his mother and sisters.

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An Argentine Left-winger discusses important trends in South America.

Andesia

By QUEBRACHO

Translated by GEORGE WHITMAN
From *Claridad*
Buenos Aires Leftist Topical Monthly

SOUTH AMERICA is still an unknown continent in the modern world. It is only necessary to travel through Europe or the United States to discover that there exists abroad the greatest ignorance and confusion about us. We are astonished that such ignorance can exist in an age of rapid communication that has reduced the world to the size of a city in the Middle Ages. The real South America is hidden behind a cloud of the most grotesque fictions that ever disfigured any people. In nearly all the nations of Europe, Asia and North America, we cannot talk of our affairs without noticing that people smile and refuse to take us seriously.

One essential point is that referring to the very name of our continent. We use the name 'America' to signify all the New World. But except for certain Latin countries of Europe which keep in close contact with us, 'America' is used throughout the world to refer to the United States. In that country the term has been monopolized until it refers exclusively to itself even in school-books and official documents. To denote what we understand by America the Yankees use 'Western Hemisphere.'

We must, therefore, find a new name for our continent below the Panama Canal. In the United States we are called Latin America, as we are also accustomed to refer to ourselves, but this term is unsatisfactory because it applies solely to the dominant white races. 'Indo-America,' introduced by the *Aprista* movement as a romantic revival of the indigenous races, overlooks other social sectors.

What is needed is a name that will identify us in the world without confusion or misunderstanding. The term 'Andesia' might well be adopted to meet this need. The mountain-chain of the Andes runs through the continent from north to south like a huge backbone sustaining our different countries. A derivative of its name would symbolize the future unity of our peoples.

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The independence of South America, or Andesia, was due principally to the fact that British imperialism, acting in combination with the United States, desired to acquire markets in the old Spanish possessions which until then had been legally closed to foreign commerce. 'I called the New World into existence', said Canning, 'to redress the balance of the Old.' From then on, English capital was the nearly exclusive usufructuary of our continent, thus winning by diplomacy what it had not been able to win by arms in two attempts along the Rio Plata. The tropical regions of the continent, where imperialism could not take root in the same form as it did in the south, did not fall so easily under the British influence. For it was there that Britain's ally became her most powerful rival. The United States, which in 1823 had proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine at the instigation of England, was to employ the Doctrine against her. At first two imperialist Powers collaborated peacefully. Great Britain, for example, took over the Falkland Islands on the complaint of the United States that her whaling ships had been molested by the Argentine Confederation. The struggle between them became more aggressive after the internal colonization of the United States had been completed. This was in 1890, a date which coincides with the invention of Pan-Americanism, the resurrection of the Monroe Doctrine and the meeting of the first Pan-American conference of Washington.

II

From the racial point of view, Andesia may boast of one characteristic which is unique in the world. That is the peaceful relationships which exist between the races which inhabit it. In our continent there are no strongly accented color-lines and racial hatreds such as one finds in other parts of the world, and especially in the imperialist countries. Those of us who visit the United States are astonished to see the separation of races carried to such a degree that, although it is not known here, not only Negroes but also Mexicans and Puerto Ricans go to separate schools in certain regions of that country. It is not the United States, but Andesia, which is the real 'melting pot.' With its increasing mixture of the aboriginal races, Negroes, whites, and to some extent the yellow race, Andesia is in the process of blending these elements into a truly universal race.

Most of the social movements in Andesia have originated along the Rio de la Plata, which is the most advanced continental zone. It was there that the first Marxist party appeared; there the first Socialist representative was elected to parliament; and there we find the strongest anarcho-syndicalist movement. Communism likewise had its strongest and most important party in Argentina. But this position in the vanguard has been largely lost. Countries like Chile and Brazil, where the new ideological currents were slower to arrive, have today surpassed the Rio de la Plata. Nevertheless, our backwardness cannot continue for long. A new impetus which, without doubt, will not be long in arriving will bring Argentina again into the leadership.

The most notable continental movement in Andesia, after independence, was without doubt the University Reform, which was initiated in Cor-

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doba in 1918. A North American educator characterized it as 'the most beautiful movement in the history of contemporary Western education.' Typically petty-bourgeois in its ideology, it swept all the continent except Brazil, appearing as a new current of ideas with the slogan of 'New Generation.' But the reactions from the first World War and the Russian Revolution brought the movement to an end. Only in Peru, where it attained its greatest influence, did the Reform leave a notable heritage—in the Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana (A.P.R.A.) headed by Haya de la Torre. During its first upsurge the Apra had a strong influence throughout the continent. Taking the Mexican Revolution as its example, and trying to hide its petty-bourgeois character behind quotations from Marx and Lenin, it achieved an importance which cannot be ignored and without which one cannot comprehend the renaissance of radical activity in Peru.

The world crisis of 1929 had violent repercussions in Andesia. They were most striking in the two countries whose prosperity depends upon the sale of a single product, over which each exercises a virtual monopoly: Brazil with her coffee, and Chile with her nitrates. The decline in the exportation of these commodities was catastrophic for both nations and as a consequence the class-struggle within each was greatly intensified. As a result their social movements today are the most interesting on the continent. Their best known expressions have been the National Liberation Alliance in Brazil and the Popular Front in Chile. In addition there has been considerable genuine Marxist activity, with the organization of new political parties of the extreme Left, which as yet have no counterpart along the Rio de la Plata.

III

Andesia vies with China for the doubtful honor of being the greatest arena for the inter-imperialist struggle. During the last century and the beginning of the present, British capital predominated in Andesia, followed by French and German interests. After the World War, the United States dislodged Great Britain from control of the countries of the Pacific. But her attempt to make South America the exclusive 'sphere of influence' of Wall Street, which was in agreement with the latter's interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, encountered obstacles in the nations of the Atlantic, where the British capitalists had achieved a greatly preponderant position. Nevertheless, in Brazil it obtained a signal victory over Great Britain when Getulio Vargas dethroned the Paulist oligarchy which had ruled the country for so long. This event put the United States in an advantageous position which it utilized to sign a favorable commercial treaty and to obtain enormous rubber concessions. In the Argentine, Yankee imperialism was momentarily enthroned during the régime of General Uriburu, but the British soon recovered their position and decidedly strengthened it by means of the Roca-Runciman pact.

Another product of this inter-imperialist struggle, as is well-known, was the unfortunate Chaco War, which has apparently come to an end with the resumption of diplomatic re-

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lations between Paraguay and Bolivia.

But the struggle is not solely between England and the United States. Japan for several years has been active, invading Andesian markets with cheap products and seeking to participate in the exploitation of our primary materials. The principal scene of her activity is in Brazil, where several hundred thousand Japanese immigrants have opened the road. This colony is engaged in rice growing and is seeking to carry on mining although the North American influence has resulted in the limitation of Japanese immigration and the cancellation of the huge concessions which the Asiatic Empire had obtained. The Japanese penetration is not confined to Brazil, however, but is also engaged in mining enterprises in the countries along the Pacific and in the meat industry in Argentina.

Today Germany is another important imperialist factor in Andesia. Her commerce with our continent has increased to a notable extent during recent years and in 1936 her exports to Brazil exceeded those of the United States. It is said that she may win a concession to export the rubber resources of the entire territory of the Acre. Germany's influence in Chile is well-known and is fortified by the groups of Germans who live in the southern part of the country.

The present situation in Andesia is highly uncertain. The triumph of the most extreme reaction everywhere but in Colombia is the dominant feature. Under these conditions the four southernmost Republics, the most important of all, are about to change their governments, giving rise to venomous struggles in which the imperialist influence is everywhere visible. In Argentina, over the shoulders of the people, British interests have designated as their presidential candidate Dr. Ortiz, a Conservative, formerly the attorney for their railroads. (*Dr. Ortiz has been elected.* THE EDITORS) The Radical party, although likewise an agent of British imperialism, has been discarded by the London bankers who consider that the Conservatives will serve their interests better.

In Brazil, Great Britain as usual supports the Paulist candidate, Salles Oliveira, while the United States is behind the official candidate, Americo de Almeida, who, according to the latest telegrams, is already considered elected. The Chilean Socialist party has nominated Colonel Marmaduke Grove despite the claim of the Radical party that he is a member of its organization, thus breaking the unity of the Popular Front, from which the Democratic party has already seceded. In Bolivia and Paraguay the militarists have profited from the post-bellum turmoil to deceive the masses with pseudo-Socialist governments. In Peru, the Apra continues to be persecuted despite its petty-bourgeois character, principally because it is represented as the agent of British imperialism by the Yankee partisan who dominates that country. Venezuela is virtually continuing the Gomez régime after a short period of legality, and in Colombia the liberal Lopez Government has encountered obstacles which obliged it to resign.

Everywhere Communism has been declared illegal and Leftist organizations are being persecuted following a coördinated plan. The police of the different nations are prepared for common action against the revolutionary worker's movement. Yet while

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the Left is being smothered, the Fascist movement grows and prospers: Integralismo in Brazil, the New Civic Legion in Argentina, Nazism in Chile, and so on. Apparently Andesia has risen out of the depression and reached a degree of prosperity, as the imperialists maintain. But throughout the continent the condition of the masses remains the same or has become worse. The millions of workers—white, black, Indian, mulatto and mestizo—who are ignominously exploited in the mines, mills, packing-plants, factories and on the plantations are still awaiting the movement of liberation which will restore to them the dignity of human beings.

IV

What is the situation of Andesia as it faces the next war? Can we stay out or will we participate? Rather the latter, for a hecatomb is being prepared into which we will be inevitably dragged. Our several countries, which are under the thumb of one or another of the rival imperialisms, cannot remain isolated. Our raw materials are needed for the struggle and the adversaries will seek to remove each other from our shores. The interest which England takes in the Rio de la Plata is explained by the statement of Lloyd George that the World War was won by the Allies with the cereals and meat of the Argentine. This also is the motive which caused Roosevelt to convoke the Conference of Buenos Aires in an attempt to tie Latin America to the war-chariot of the United States by means of his treaties of continental neutrality.

It must be remembered that Andesia as a treasure-house of raw materials is of tremendous significance in war time since it possesses the largest reserves of petroleum after those of the United States, the largest tin mines, the monopoly of natural nitrate, copper, the most extensive rubber resources, and in addition it produces the largest exportable quantities of cereals, flax, coffee, meat, tannin, etc. Yet the participation of Andesia will not align all the countries on one side but will divide them into antagonistic groups; the countries of the Pacific against those of the Plata; the State of São Paulo, the most important industrial center in Andesia, against Rio de Janeiro in Brazil. Is not the pattern already visible of the struggle between Argentina and Chile, who are arming for mutual aggression, while the two regions of Brazil are engaged in constant strife?

The next world war is inevitable. And the world revolution which will follow will be something that we cannot escape. The revolution will explode throughout the continent, beginning perhaps in Chile where the friction between rival social forces is most acute. The insurrection of the oppressed masses will bring as a result the continental unity so much desired by the greatest figures of the past.

Civilization in Andesia reached its apex at the Equator. The tropics, whose capitals are Lima and Rio de Janeiro, were most advanced until late in the last century. Today the center of culture is in the temperate zone, which was most barren and unpopulated during the colonial period and first years of independence. The tropics will eventually recover their ancient flourishing condition when the native races regain the liberty they lost to the sword of the invader.

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An authority on Japan discusses her psychology in the war against China; and another writer examines China's resources for a prolonged struggle.

Far Eastern Front

I. War-Minded Japan

By Günther Stein

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

PUBLIC opinion in Japan, at bottom always rather fatalistic toward the vicissitudes of what it tends to regard as political destiny, is subject to rapid changes as far as its surface appearance goes. A few months ago, when the then Foreign Minister, Mr. Naotake Sato, announced a new deal in Japan's foreign policy, the atmosphere in the country had almost a pacifist complexion. At the same time, there was much grumbling at the insistent demands of the military for a general policy of national mobilization, which were so obviously in contrast to the promises of a conciliatory foreign policy. And the authoritarian leanings of the Government, together with the hardships resulting from its armament efforts, completed what looked like a genuine opposition.

The 'North China Incident,' officially christened by that ominously high-sounding name immediately after the minor Sino-Japanese clash near Peiping on July 7th, suddenly changed the surface atmosphere entirely. All the political parties, including the quickly rising Labor group—the Social Mass Party—unconditionally pledged their fullest support to the Government. The entire press adopted an attitude of preparedness for national war against China; so much so that the moderate leaders of the Army and Navy must have been almost as embarrassed by this new attitude of utter intransigence as they were by the semi-pacifist inclinations of the Press a short time before.

The radicals in the Army, however, had reason enough to be satisfied with the general adoption of their political views. Business circles, usually attracted by the profits of reasonably large armaments, but at the same time anxiously opposed to war, changed just as quickly.

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The change in public sentiment was just as sudden. Organizations of all kinds, not only those which are patriotic or official by character, but also the numerous professional and social associations, which to such a large extent maintain the hard-dying traditions of feudalism in Japan, got busy overnight. Crowds of men, women and children were taken to Shintoist shrines in order to pray for success in war. Money collections for national defense funds and for 'comforting the soldiers at the front' were started by house-to-house canvassing in the cities, in the offices of business and industrial centers, and even in the impoverished rural districts. The old war-time custom of producing bullet-proof charms for the soldiers at the front, by having thousands of young girls and women sew stitches in crimson thread on white cloth, was revived. The cinemas, theaters and revues changed their programs from favorite sentimental themes to martial subjects. The record shops all over the country felt a sudden drop in the usually big demand for love songs, Japanese and foreign, for jazz and classical Western music, and are unable to satisfy the sudden craving for soldiers' songs and marches.

II

China these days certainly gets a raw deal from Japanese public opinion. The official indictment of the venerable neighboring nation for its insincerity, its double-dealing, and its aggressiveness is generally being accepted, partly with utter contempt and scorn for China's treacherous attitude toward her only real friend, Japan, partly with mere indifference, and by some even with pity at China's stupid 'misunderstanding of Japan's real intentions.'

The attitude of tolerance and sympathy toward China, which had been caused by Mr. Sato's declarations regarding a new policy some months ago, seems to be forgotten. Not a single one of all the Japanese newspapers dares so much as to examine the present Sino-Japanese case against its tragic historical background. And their readers, who are such ardent believers in the noble spirit of nationalism that they used to grade their esteem for Western peoples according to their degree of patriotism, and whose main reason for despising China always was her alleged lack of patriotic feelings, have no respect for the birth of a new spirit of nationalism in that old country. They forget entirely that, whatever the rights and wrongs of the present conflict, it is taking place on Chinese soil and genuinely exciting a people that feels deeply humiliated by the Japanese.

It is interesting to remember that six years ago, on the occasion of the Manchurian Incident, Japan justified its military action by alleging that China had no real national government, and was not a truly unified nation; so that her well-meaning neighbor, Japan, had to assist at least part of China's suffering population toward progress and modernization. The present justifications, however, are in exactly the opposite direction. The steady growth of Chinese national unification threatened, so the argument runs, to 'invade' North China, endangering the special rights of Japan, which had been built up during the six years since the Manchurian Incident. And Chinese patriotism

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finally became a danger to Japan.

Yet it would be wrong to say that Japan, at present, is swayed by any real and fundamental hatred against China; just as there seems never to be any popular hatred even against Soviet Russia. This refers to the great mass of the Japanese people, not only the man in the street, but also to the majority of the educated and the well-to-do. But apart from this predominating middle stratum there are always the two extreme wings who have firmer political convictions, and are not easily swayed, though easily confirmed in their respective views, by passing events.

There is, first of all, the strong element of the ultra-patriots. They live on hatred and they crave to practice it. They are represented not only among the younger elements of the fighting forces and bureaucracy, among many religious sects and romantic bands of almost professional patriots, but also in a small section of the general public. These are the people who are not content with sending comfort kits and anti-bullet charms to the army, but who tap their own blood in order to paint flags and write letters, and who send excited telegrams to army headquarters and to the Cabinet, demanding outright war—one day against the Soviet Union, the other against China. And these are the people who sent their representatives to the British Embassy in Tokyo recently, in order to warn Britain against any kind of mediation.

The Left, or pacifist, group of Japanese public opinion, on the other hand, is quieter now than ever. The out-and-out radicals in this heterogeneous camp have been driven underground since the Manchurian Incident and seem to keep their mouths shut. The mere liberals shrug their shoulders, and, feeling very uncomfortable, quickly withdraw into that well-accustomed silence out of which some seemingly promising remarks of the last Foreign Minister, Mr. Sato, had awakened them. Moreover, they have lost the support certainly of a great part, if not all, of the country's big business men, who used to be opposed to military action and even said so occasionally, but who now seem to feel that their investments, their trade and their great future chances in China may finally be lost unless Japan takes a very strong stand in securing by force what she proved unable—to their personal regret—to secure by peaceful Sino-Japanese coöperation. The Government watches both critical wings; less, however, the bigger, more active, more courageous, and therefore more dangerous, Right wing, than the remnants of Leftism and liberalism which have survived six years of 'semi-war.'

II. Can China Last?

By E. M. Gull

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

THE answer to the question, 'Can China fight a long war?' demands consideration of a variety of differing suppositions. In the foreground stands the question whether, if Japan gets control of Shanghai, she will allow it

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to resume its normal avocations, including those of the Inspectorate General of Customs, which turns over the revenue collected at the treaty ports to the Chinese Government. The mere fact of Japan's obtaining control of the most important commercial and financial center in China need not end the war. On the other hand, the use which she decided to make of her control would affect it greatly.

Thus, in order to minimize the chances of complications with other Powers, Japan might decide to allow the port to resume its commercial functions. But in that case China would enjoy continued ability to import supplies, which would greatly increase her capacity to maintain a prolonged struggle. Assuming that the military remained in control of the situation, they would probably risk complications with other Powers and stop the trade of the port or at least endeavor to limit it both quantitatively and qualitatively, stopping, for example, the import of everything of military value and limiting the area into which other goods could pass. Such limitation, however, would automatically create a difficult smuggling problem. It would not be easy to throw an effective preventive cordon round Shanghai.

In any of these circumstances, however, Japan would probably assume control of the Inspectorate General of Customs, at least to the extent of prohibiting all transfers of revenue to the Chinese Government, with the exception possibly of the amount required for the service of foreign loans and indemnities secured on the Customs revenue. This exception would only be made with a view to avoiding the complications already referred to, and allocation of the amount necessary would probably be made by Japan herself.

China's total Customs revenue last year amounted to some 97 million dollars. The amount collected at Shanghai was 45 million dollars. The amount required for the service of foreign loans and indemnities secured on the revenue was about 23 million dollars, the amount required for domestic loan service being about 39 millions.

Thus the blow Japan would be in a position to inflict upon China's financial system by controlling Shanghai would be a heavy one. How heavy it would be and whether Chinese credit suffered or not would depend upon how much revenue Shanghai's trade, in the circumstances contemplated, produced and upon what happened at other ports.

II

With the exception of Kowloon, Lappa, Canton, Kongmoon, Luichow, Kiungchow and Pakhoi, Japan is in a position to establish—though not without severe struggles—control over all the coast ports. An attempt to do this at Kowloon, Lappa, Canton, or Kongmoon would inevitably bring her into collision with Great Britain at Hong Kong, while an attempt to do it at Luichow, Kiungchow, and Pakhoi would be liable to bring her into collision with France. The revenue collected at these ports last year totaled a little over 7 million dollars, the amount collected at the other coast ports being 27 millions. What would happen to this amount would depend upon precisely the same circumstances as those already considered in respect of Shanghai. The larg-

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est duty collections comprised in it are those of Tientsin, 11 millions, and Tsingtao, 6 millions.

Certain river and inland 'ports' in South China, Samshui, Wuchow, Nanning, Lungchow, Mengtze, Szemao, and Tengyueh, would not fall under Japan's control for the reasons given in respect of the Kowloon-Pakhoi group.

The former last year collected duties to the value of 1½ million dollars. In the circumstances contemplated they would almost certainly collect more, as would the Kowloon-Pakhoi group; how much more it is impossible to say. Kowloon and Canton might double or even treble their collections, for trade, handicapped by lack of communications with the interior, would gravitate to them automatically.

There remain the Yangtze River 'ports,' which last year produced a Customs revenue of 17 millions. In dealing with these one is on highly speculative ground. Much would depend upon the policy which Japan had decided to pursue elsewhere. She could stop the foreign sea-borne trade of the entire group. Apart from that measure, what ports could she control individually? The most important is Hankow, which last year produced a revenue of 7 millions. Assuming that she can demolish the forts on the Lower Yangtze—a fairly safe assumption—she can blockade Hankow or blow it to bits. The upper river ports she would not attempt to reach: from a revenue-earning point of view they are negligible.

Thus, taking the Customs revenue as a whole, it seems clear (1) that it would not just cease, as unreflecting persons not infrequently allege; (2) that while, at the very worst, most of the revenue would be cut off, in the circumstances reviewed this is improbable; and (3) that in any event increased revenue at certain ports is likely to provide substantial compensation for reductions elsewhere.

The next most important source of revenue, the salt tax, in 1935 totaled 55 million dollars. Of this, if Japan obtained control of North China, including Shantung, she could control about 12 millions. If she extended her control to the Huai River, the Shanghai and Nanking areas, and Chekiang, she could control a further 16 millions. But unless she dominated Central and Southern China as well there would be approximately 24 millions which she could not control.

Third on the revenue list are certain 'consolidated' taxes on rolled tobacco, flour, cotton yarn, matches, and cement, which for the year ending June, 1934, produced 31 million dollars. What these would continue to yield it is impossible to say, but provided Governmental machinery continued to operate they would yield something. The same remark applies to certain other taxes and revenues totaling roughly $12,000,000.

In foreign currencies the Chinese Government probably holds about $200,000,000; in silver in China it may have $6,000,000 or more, while there may well be undisclosed private hoards. It will be apparent that, while it is impossible to give even an approximately round figure for the total financial resources on which the Government, if it remained a Government, could rely, they would in certain circumstances be too small unaided to maintain large and properly equipped forces. The existing Chinese army

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costs not less than $111,000,000 annually. But they would be large enough to maintain a harassing form of guerrilla warfare the duration of which would further depend upon whether the inadequate production of the arsenals at Taiyuanfu, Sianfu, Kunghsien (Honan), Nanchang, Canton, Pa Kiang (in Kwangtung, incomplete), Chengtu, and Yunnanfu could be supplemented from abroad.

The second of these conclusions is reinforced by the fact that in a year of good harvests China can 'live on her own,' while, as has been shown, she would not be cut off from the outside world. Indeed, if the outside world chose to help her economically and financially she could get most of the things she needs. In that case the Japanese would have a very difficult task, in spite of the big advantages which, if things went well for them, they would possess. In that case also the question of morale would be less important than it must otherwise be. For China suffers from grave agrarian problems. There is widespread hatred of the landlord class.

Moreover, her unification is recent; her administrative system is weak and inexperienced; as everywhere else, there are personal and party jealousies and rivalries, at present held in check by the dominating personality of Chiang Kai-shek. Behind him is the Kuomintang, but the framework which it furnishes is by no means coextensive with the country. All these are vulnerable points in China's armor.

Nipponese Logic

I would like to suggest that China abolish all the armaments throughout the country and entrust Japan with the maintenance of peace and order. . . . It is my belief that, if left in charge of Japan, China will certainly find herself more strongly defended than otherwise. She is in danger of being beaten by Japan only when she maintains troops, but Japan will have nothing to beat if China has no troops. For China it is dangerous to keep troops, and it is safe to give up armaments.

—Tashio Shiratori, former Japanese Minister to Sweden, in the *Diamond*, Tokyo.

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Petty politics, vested interests and 'influence' in a small Russian city.

A Soviet Prosecutor's Woes

By N. STAROV

Translated from the *Izvestia*
Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

[*The following account of the difficulties of enforcing the law in a small city in Soviet Russia was given to the correspondent of* Izvestia *by the Public Prosecutor of Kostroma. In view of the great number of trials for sabotage and inefficiency that have been held recently in Russia, it would appear that the Central Government has taken steps to strengthen the hands of its officials in the provincial districts.* THE EDITORS]

I CAME to Kostroma in 1934 and found the Public Prosecutor's office on the verge of collapse. My predecessor had limited his activities to visiting the technical schools and reading lectures. He got his pay but seldom came to the office. In the morning he would pass by the office, and his assistants would bring the most urgent documents out to him. He would then lean against a nearby wall or telephone pole and sign them right then and there without reading them. Everything was neglected. There was a mountain of complaints that had not even been looked at. The police had everything their own way.

Well, I determined to do things differently. I made a few changes, and among other things ordered the release of six men who had been unlawfully arrested. Then I came home, had my dinner, switched on the radio and sat down to smoke. At that moment the local station was giving the latest news and suddenly I heard my own name referred to in far from complimentary terms:—

'The first action of Prosecutor Ivanov, newly arrived in our town, was to free six criminals. Who is this Ivanov? Whom is he protecting?'

Next day the same nonsense appeared in the local paper. I immediately went to the Secretary of the City Committee.

'What is the meaning of this?'

The secretary merely grinned at me.

'Who am I to forbid their printing it? I have no right to put any obsta-

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cles in the way of the expression of public opinion.'

I was not to be put off so easily and called together a commission which investigated my actions and found them correct. I again went to the local authorities.

'Well, who is right?'

'No question about it,' they said, 'you are. We are very glad that our accusations were proved wrong and that you are not a class enemy. Well, goodbye and good luck in your work.'

That is how Kostroma greeted me.

II

The present Secretary is a Party member, an experienced and broad-minded man. He is not a bad sort and is respected by everybody. Only recently he was reëlected by secret ballot. But every man has his weakness. The Secretary has two: on the one hand, he is very proud and does not like to be contradicted; on the other hand, he is a little too soft with people who break Soviet laws. He is sorry for them, you see.

At that time, legalities were not too much emphasized. The accepted rule was to be guided by expediency, sometimes at the expense of the 'letter of the law.' Often, instead of rigidly following the law, we would resort to consultations and discussions to decide whether a man should be tried or not, whether he should be merely impeached before the Party, or whether it would be best to wait and see if he did not improve of his own accord.

The results? I shall tell you frankly. Here is a typical example. The director of one factory in Kostroma should have been indicted years before. Investigation revealed that his plant was poorly organized and that its production was low in quality. He was surrounded by a staff of scoundrels whom he could not control. The case was clear, but the Trust interfered. It insisted that the director should not be indicted but helped—that he was not guilty but just unlucky. The local authorities took up the cry.

'Why, *X* is such a pleasant chap, so honest and straightforward!'

There was nothing for me to do but drop the matter as gently as possible. One or two of the rascally subordinates were removed and the director was left at his post. Six months have passed and now there is a trial in earnest. The factory is in a state of complete collapse. There is systematic sabotage of production, it is far behind its schedule, and this time not one man but ten must face trial.

Few of us have profited by this and similar lessons. As the French say: '*L'appétit vient en mangeant.*' The authorities became used to my giving way in small things and began to demand that I do so in more important ones. And when I prosecuted the director of another factory, through whose neglect of repairs a man was killed, there was almost a scandal.

The director was given two years. From the court he went directly to the Secretary of the City Committee and had hysterics in his office. The latter forthwith turned on me:—

'In this way, you will finish by convicting all our Communists.'

'That is the business of the court,' I replied. 'Mine is merely to prosecute according to the law.'

Another case. We have here a small flax-combing factory in which the director introduced a system of illegal fines. If a worker used profanity, he

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would have to pay a fine; if his machine was dirty, another fine; if he used the wrong entrance to the plant, there was a fine. By this method the director expected 'to raise the cultural level' of the factory.

I was deluged with protests. It seems that the director collected about two hundred and sixty illegal fines. I began an investigation, but the Committee declared itself against prosecution. The director saw that he was being supported and continued his system. He is still fining his workers illegally.

III

Now they are beginning to put pressure on me, not, of course, because of any single alleged offense but because of my general attitude. Politically I am right: a child could see it. But in order to 'domesticate' me, they determined to compromise me in just that political field. So I was accused of 'infusing into my work the harmful tendencies of the bourgeois law.'

I began to wonder why there should be such an accusation. Then I remembered. Two months previously a girl student at the Textile Institute had committed suicide. My investigation disclosed that the cause of her suicide was entirely romantic—disappointment in love. At a special session of the Committee, I gave my conclusions. The object of the girl's unfortunate love was not the usual type of scoundrel and Don Juan. He was a shy young man from the Young Communist League, a serious worker who had an excellent record. He didn't deceive the girl. It was not even a case of faithlessness. He had simply become bored with spending his time in her company. After all, in no code of law is there a statute by which a man must be held criminally responsible because he is not sufficiently responsive to a woman's love. The Committee did not see it that way. They thought it vital to bring the boy to trial. Arguments on my part did not help. I was categorically instructed to bring the case before the court. I categorically refused to do so. The Committee was furious. What! The Prosecutor refuses to carry out the instructions of the Party organization! Impossible!

'We will see that you bring him into court,' was what I heard from all sides. 'You are not omnipotent here. We will find a way to force you to do it.'

I replied that the Prosecutor can only obey the law and that he is independent in his conclusions. This caused even greater excitement.

'What do you mean? Independent?' The Secretary began to pace the room.

I cited the statute from the Stalin Constitution, and finally, in my turn, lost my temper.

'Can't you understand that we will be disgraced by this trial? One human being cannot be brought to trial merely because another one has an obsession.'

My use of the word 'obsession' was a mistake.

'I suppose that you got that word "obsession" right out of Freud?' said the Cultural Director venomously. But the Secretary of the Committee soon came to himself. Freud or no Freud, he realized that the boy's trial would not be such a good idea. There was a possibility of his being acquitted or of doing away with himself. So they decided against a trial, 'not because

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the Prosecutor refuses to bring suit, but because there doesn't seem to be any point to it.' That is exactly how the Committee's decision was entered in the notes of the session. But I was so relieved to have them forget about Freud that I didn't raise any objection to the slur in the minutes.

I was to find that they had not forgotten about Freud. The Secretary of the Young Communist League wrote an article in which he claimed that I had advanced the idea of non-responsibility for another's obsession, not in the privacy of a City Committee meeting, but directly to the young workers. A week later, the local paper ascribed to me the theory of congenital criminality.

It seems that they attached me to Lombroso as well as to Freud. The editor of the paper allied himself to other interests whom I had offended. I was called politically blind and spineless, and charged with pursuing some mysterious and sinister policy. At a meeting I tried to justify myself by refuting these accusations. People interrupted me or simply didn't listen. Meanwhile, the Secretary of the Committee sat nearby and smiled, pouring fuel on the fire from time to time. He seemed to say: 'Serves him right. This will teach him not to meddle!'

Now let us look at the present situation. We found that the machine shops had become a seat of private enterprise. The mechanics and the chief engineer took private orders and thus made money for themselves. So I brought them to trial. What about the director? Well, he knew all about it. But those accused are all non-Party members, while the director has a Party card. For this reason it was decided at the session of the Committee that the director should be let off with a private rebuke. That was their decision, and I, the Prosecutor, could do nothing.

Another case. In Kostroma there is a director of a factory collective who annoys women workers and is guilty of drunkenness and rowdyism. Such scoundrels should be instantly dismissed from the Party. Now, as I go to inform the authorities, I feel that even in this clear case my words will be greeted with distrust: 'Did you check up on this sufficiently? Perhaps we will merely offend the man for nothing. Wait! We will have a little personal chat with him!'

Dear comrades, I, too, am a Communist. I have been in the Party since 1919. I have always been steadfast in my political convictions and I have never fallen down on my duty to the Party. Why am I trusted less than any of the accused?

The Prosecutor's job in a small city is a hard one.

It's Contagious

I was hemmed in by an almost hysterical mob . . . and, carried away by its enthusiasm, I heard myself shouting: 'DUCE! DUCE!'

—June (Lady Inverclyde) in the *Sunday Express*, London

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A poignant incident in Valencia, over which the reporter sighs, '*fortuna de guerra*'; and remarks about pandas by the only man who has caught them.

Miscellany

I. Dinner in Valencia

By Cristopher Brackenbury

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

OVER Valencia hangs a big white moon, throwing heavy shadows across the boulevards and strolling couples. It is warm and pleasant. The street cars rattle down the broad roadway, only a faint blue light behind their numbers. Cigarettes glow in the dark. Small bands of uniformed soldiers walk arm in arm singing marching songs. Big cars roar up, and flash importantly past; lightless. Munition trucks thunder by on their way to Madrid. Heavy camouflaged camions lumber along, their Red Cross flags indistinct in the gloom. Ford ambulances with the striking yellow cross of the Sanidad de Guerra. The city pulsates with life and movement.

Inside the big hotel everything is gay in the brilliantly illuminated dining-room. Officers in smartly cut uniforms; khaki and gold stripes. *Carabineros* in their olive green. Journalists in light summer costume of their respective nations and sexes; linen jackets, silk flowered dresses. Fighting men in shirt sleeves with two-day beards and heavy service revolvers swaying at their belts. Politicians and Civil Servants in neat lounge suits, olive complexioned, some with thick-lensed glasses, peculiarly Spanish, dark-haired, interested in food and wine and good company. Pilots still in their flying suits; one wearing a short white sheepskin coat, an American, tall and thin and very brown. The waiters, white-jacketed, smart, offering cigarettes at fabulous prices: ten pesetas a packet—the price of a silk shirt—for they are profiteers, buying cigarettes from British ships in the harbor and selling them at 500 per cent profit. The windows are steel-shuttered, hung with heavy silk curtains, neither admitting nor losing light, patterned in

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broad strips of sticking-paper to prevent splintering from shrapnel.

I sit at a table with a young German officer. He is thirty, good-looking and reputed to be the best dressed man in Valencia. He has a suite here at the big luxury hotel whenever he is on leave. Fifty miles down the coast, at Calpe, he has a permanent room at a small but nevertheless luxurious hotel on a rock that juts out into the Mediterranean.

With him go Pepita and Conchita, both young, dark, attractive. He has a monopoly there; they do not look at anyone else. Tonight Pepita and Conchita are dining with us. We have all drunk a lot of very fine champagne at 75 pesetas a bottle. That is a week's pay for the fighting men. Not so for us if we have foreign currency to convert. The official rate may be 60 or 70, but there are places where we can get 200 pesetas to the pound.

II

The little German sits facing me. In his absurdly exact uniform he is all Prussian officer. Blue-eyed, blond-haired. But listen to his talk against the Dictatorships. He is fervently for the Government cause. He is efficient, too. A born organizer. He holds an important executive position. Still he boasts. The Government is fortunate in his services. His blue eyes are now a little bloodshot. His gaze rests upon the two girls. Their voices are getting higher. In their similar dresses, they look like twin sisters, nice twins, gay, full of life.

Suddenly, breaking across the clamor of voices comes the high wail of the air raid alarm. It is born in the tower in the main square, but now sirens have taken it up everywhere. We are all silent, waiting; we get up, some of us unsteadily, and go to the front of the hotel.

Searchlights are playing with one another among the clouds. Over the sharp reports of the coast anti-aircraft batteries comes the low, vicious sound of heavy bombers. One, two, twenty? No one knows. A searchlight picks up a plane, tri-motored, with tapering wings. Enemy bomber. The machine is silver for a moment, surrounded by the dark smoke explosions of the shells; then she dives, out of our sight. A few seconds of silence. Then from behind us the heavy, life-shaking, shattering roar and echo of a bomb. And again, farther away this time. The German turns and smiles at me. He makes a stale joke. We are safe here anyway, he says. The hotel is a center of espionage; the enemy does not bomb his own men. But this time I do not smile. I have heard it too often.

Now you can see the dull flicker of flames. There is the clang of fire engines and the higher note of the ambulances. One of those bombs blew a block of flats sky high. Five minutes later comes the all-clear blast of the sirens. We go back to eat. What is an air raid! We are all fatalists by now. To the men from the front it is almost a joke.

The little German talks to me. He tells me he is going to Paris on a mission. Asks me if I want cigarettes, chocolate, coffee? I smile at him and thank him. Flying tomorrow? I ask. Yes, at twelve o'clock. Paris tomorrow evening. He winks meaningly at me. The girls look jealous. They want to go too. I'll pay you when you come back, I say. No need, he says. I'll get

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you what you want. A present. He slaps me on the back. I like him very much. I like the two girls also. To hell with everything. Why does it have to happen like this? Why is there a death penalty for spies? Why did these three of all people have to do what they have done?

Later I say good-night. I am not drunk. They are. Well, it's probably the last time for them. I know that when the little German is getting onto the Paris plane, perhaps half-way up the gangway, in the morning, someone will give someone else a signal and two black uniformed police will walk forward and he will be led away. He will be silent then, knowing that explanations cannot help. At the same time the girls will hear a knock at their door. They will go too. Twenty-four hours later, a week later, there will come the sharp cracking volley of a firing squad. It is a pity, but it must be done.

It was done. *Fortuna de guerra!*

II. Hunting the Panda

By F. Tangier-Smith

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

SCIENTIFIC zoölogical collecting is, perhaps, the most exciting work that anyone keen on the job could possibly be engaged in, because there is never any telling what new strange creature may be brought to book at any time. I have been fortunate in discovering a number of new species of animal life. But I think perhaps the most exciting adventure has been the giant panda.

It is probably quite correct to say that the giant panda, or parti-colored bear, *Ailuropus Melanoleucus*, is the rarest animal in the world today. No white man had ever seen one alive until the brothers Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt succeeded in shooting one. Mr. Dean Sage, of New York, with his associate Mr. Sheldon, also shot one. And I have sent a number of skins to the Field Museum in Chicago, and a few other dead specimens have been secured.

It has been my great good fortune to have been the active agent in effecting the capture of the only three giant pandas that have ever been taken alive. That has been possible only after some several years of careful study of the animal's habits and the systematic organization of the inhabitants in a certain area. My central collecting headquarters are at a village called Chaopo. Chaopo is over 2,000 miles from the coast—two-and-a-half days' traveling distance from Chengtu, the capital city of the Province of Szechuan in extreme Western China. It is in the narrow belt, running north and south, along the Eastern Tibetan border—the only area where the giant panda can be found.

The first specimen thus secured—the baby panda recently sold in Chicago—it was not my privilege to take home myself. It had been brought into Chaopo at a time when I was absent some several days before a party of travelers pitched their camp about fifteen miles up the valley from Chaopo, and it was sold to them for a

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tempting cash price. There were more than forty other animals and birds collected in the camp at the same time, but nothing but the panda was purchased by the visitors, and I brought most of the others with me on this trip to England.

II

Quite apart from its rarity the panda is a most extraordinary animal in a number of ways. In size and in general shape of body it may be compared to a good-size hog. In appearance it resembles nothing so much as a bear, except in the matter of its most extraordinary coloration. This is a general background of dirty white with sharply defined black trimmings, two jet black ears, and a jet black circle around each eye; and seen from the front, at some distance, its two great black eyes staring out of a dead white mask give the face a most extraordinary and really uncanny expression.

But the panda is, at close quarters, one of the sweetest-tempered and dearest of all wild animals ever brought into captivity: just a great big, roly-poly, good-tempered teddy bear that very quickly becomes as tame and docile, under kind and understanding human treatment, as a Newfoundland dog. But so, so lazy: it spends most of its time sitting on its rump, and often when it wants food which is near at hand, it prefers to roll over to get it rather than take the trouble to stand up on its four legs and walk.

But the most outstanding peculiarity of the panda is, perhaps, that its food at meal times consists of bamboo and of bamboo only. Nor does this restricted diet permit even the variety of such softer and more succulent portions as leaves, roots or fresh young shoots. The panda lives exclusively on bamboo sticks, the main stem of the plant varying in thickness from that of a lead pencil to the size of a man's finger—as tough, hard, dry and altogether unpalatable a diet as one could well imagine.

And to watch one of these creatures absorbed in the business of satisfying the inner panda is a most diverting and interesting experience, affording an exhibition of deft skill as entertaining as a good juggling act on the stage.

Having secured a tempting length of bamboo rod, by the simple process of biting it off near the root of a growing plant, the panda proceeds to strip it bare of twigs and leaves with surprising skill and agility. Next, grasping the butt in one prehensile paw, as a man would pick up and hold a stick, it bites off and spits out the first node. Then, after a few quick passes of the paw before the mouth, the front teeth strip off the whole of the outer skin of the first section and the food has been properly prepared for eating. Two mouthfuls—each taken off in a single bite—are usually enough to finish the whole of one section, after which the next node is snipped off and ejected, and the process is repeated until the whole stick has been eaten up—and there you have one course of a panda dinner.

One might well suppose that a good many courses of this tough and dry fiber would be required to make one square meal, and that is quite true, as a healthy panda consumes a tremendous weight of bamboo every twenty-four hours. But this does not worry the panda at all. Except when, for

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some reason, it makes a trip from one bamboo grove to another, as quickly as its lazy habits may permit, the panda spends all of its time in almost impenetrable thickets where very little other animal life and practically no other plant life is found.

One might also suppose that under these circumstances the trapping of the panda would present many difficulties; and this also is true. The great dfficulty is, of course, to find a bait that will lure the animal into a trap. Obviously it would be quite futile to bait a trap with bamboo when there is more than enough of it to be had simply by rolling over.

But in the course of some years of experience and after repeated failures I am now confident that I know of three lures that not only may but already have and certainly will again do the trick. I do not believe that, short of a miracle, anybody can capture a live panda by any other means.

Just what are these three lures? Well, for the time being, I am not going to tell you, and I am sure you will forgive this omission when I say that I have not yet finished with the business of capturing pandas.

I expect to return to China in the very near future, and when I do it will be to go all out for bigger and better pandas.

Der Schöne Adolf

His eyes are the deep blue of the waters of his own Königsee when it reflects the broken striated masses of the Tyrolean clouds. A mere nearness to him as he speaks exalts one. The supple play of his movements as they follow every movement of his thought is a plastically realized expression of his genius. His whole body vibrates without once deviating from its elegant line. As he speaks, he moves his head boyishly. This back has never been misshapen by the dirty passions of a politician. Its line is full and pure like an organ pipe. A physiognomical analysis of his face would reveal four essential traits: his lofty temples denote high idealism; a remarkably keen intuition is shown in the construction of his nose which is hard and chiseled, and leonine power in the distance from the nostril to the ear. The fourth trait is his great kindliness.

—Sketch of Reichsführer Hitler in *La Gerbe des forces* by Alphonse de Châteaubriant

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The confessions of a young Frenchman who is doomed by the Great Sickness.

I Am *a* Leper

By JEAN MONTDIDIER

Dictated to GEORGES KESSEL

From *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Weekly

I REMEMBER that my mother's eyes always became frightened when she was asked about my father's death. Sometimes she would not answer but would find an excuse to turn away from the questioner. I remember that she would awaken me during the night and examine my body carefully by the light of the lamp. I was not curious because I thought that all mothers were like that.

My mother came to France from a large South American city where she lived with my father after their marriage. Then she came to live in a small town in Gascony with her parents-in-law, without her husband, who, she said, had died from a tropical fever. She herself drooped away and died when I was eleven years old. A year later I had my 'measles.' One afternoon after a swim in a nearby river I noticed a strange spot on my arm. It was pale gray, the color of a silver coin. The same evening I had a fever. Ten days later I was well; the spot was a mere light mark on my brown skin.

Every spring and autumn after that I suffered an attack of fever, accompanied by various eruptions which left ever deeper marks on my skin. If I were living in a tropical country, the doctors would have recognized the Great Sickness immediately. In France its hideous symptoms are generally unknown; my affliction was diagnosed either as a skin irritation caused by the heat, or as some form of eczema.

When I was fifteen years old and studying in a lycée, the periodic discomforts which I had suffered increased. My schoolmates called me 'Pimples.' They always saw me with my hands and face covered with creams and salves of various colors. Finally, when my face became covered with what looked like tumors, the doctor of the lycée sent me to a skin specialist.

The latter examined my face very attentively. Then he offered me a cigarette. I was rather surprised because we were forbidden to smoke at the lycée.

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'Smoke,' he insisted. And several times when I tried to put the cigarette down, he prevented me, while at the same time carrying on an animated conversation.

Suddenly I cried out with pain. I was holding the cigarette between two fingers which for some time had been covered with the silvery spots. The cigarette had burned to the end without my noticing it and it was only after it had seared deep into my flesh that I had felt any pain.

'Well, my little man,' said the doctor. 'You are very ill indeed. With proper care you can be cured, but it will take a long time. I am going to send you to a colleague of mine.'

Why was it that at that moment I remembered my mother's frightened eyes?

During my vacation I went to Paris and presented myself before Dr. Jeanselme at the Saint-Louis hospital. It was the first time I had traveled alone. The famous physician hardly examined me. I felt that he had formed an opinion with his first look. He was as mysterious as the other doctor.

'This will take a long time. It isn't dangerous if it is taken care of.' Then he added. 'You will have to stay in the ward for some time.'

'But doctor,' I cried, 'what is the matter with me?'

He hesitated for a second and looked into my eyes. I was only fifteen.

'We don't know yet,' he said, after a pause. 'In a few days. . . .'

This was in 1927. The present Pavilion de Malte had not been built and I was put in a general ward. Upon looking about me I saw an old man seated in a chair; on his face were the same bumps and holes, the same mysterious tumors I had on mine. He was looking into space, with great staring bloodshot eyes. He was blind. A nurse kneeling before him was cutting the nails on his crooked inert fingers. Two men were seated on the bed next to mine. One had two empty sleeves, the other had a single finger on one of his hands. The faces of both were covered with the silvery spots. I listened to their conversation. They were talking about the nurses. I didn't know then that women, healthy women, whose skins were pink and white and who had all their fingers, were the great obsession of our accursed life. Then suddenly I heard: '*We lepers. . . .*'

II

During the days that followed I anxiously questioned those with whom I had to share my life. There were twenty-five of us. Most of my companions were older than I. Some of them had been undergoing treatments for twenty years. The blind old man whom I had seen first had been there since anyone could remember. What struck me immediately was the morbid anxiety with which they all watched for any sign of disgust from those with whom they came in contact. If a student nurse put her handkerchief to her face as she passed, or another patient turned away at our approach, they saw immediately the biblical terror which we lepers have inspired throughout recorded history. In the Middle Ages the name leprosy embraced all the diseases that disfigure face and hands, as syphilis or eczema. Now the fear that they used to inspire is associated solely with leprosy. And yet specialists in that field unanimously deny that leprosy is contagious. During the hundred years

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that lepers have been allowed to enter Saint-Louis, not one example of contagion has been observed. So certain are the specialists in leprosy on this point that they permit three hundred known lepers to live at large in Paris.

That was what I learned from my companions. The rest of their conversation consisted of interminable comments on the bad food, how a nurse smiled at one of them, or how an interne shook another's hand a little more warmly than usual.

'But,' I asked anxiously one and another of them—for I was only fifteen years old and had not yet learned to be a good leper—'but can one be cured?'

Opinion was divided. A certain chaulmoogra oil brought from Burmah by a German doctor helped after two years of treatment and there were injections to relieve the nervous cramps which accompanied the fever. Most of the patients could return to normal life after several years' treatment, but it was rare for them not to come back to the hospital eventually.

'My treatment has succeeded: he is cured! But unluckily he is blind.' This is a phrase that the doctors have had occasion to say so often that it has become a sort of *leitmotif* of the lepers' conversation, a grim jest which I heard repeated again and again.

On the fifteenth day of my stay I was taken to a lecture that Dr. Jeanselme was giving in the hospital amphitheater. I was supposed to be a living illustration of his lecture, which dealt with leprosy. More than two hundred students were present. I had often gone to the menagerie, but this was the first time that I was on the wrong side of the cage. They spoke quite freely before me. One girl remarked: 'He has beautiful eyes.' I think she pitied me and wanted to console me.

Professor Jeanselme has always shone in the description of diseases. He spared me nothing. Together with the students I learned every form of the disease and that its growth is luxurious like that of tropical flowers. I heard how my fingers would gradually become deformed, then fall off, to be followed by my arms. I learned that my face would become repulsive, that my sight would weaken until at last I would become quite blind.

'And thus,' the brilliant lecturer finished, 'we come to the inescapable end, death.'

III

It was Thursday afternoon in the spring of 1932. I was allowed to go out for the whole afternoon. Five years had elapsed since I had entered the ward, five years since I had begun my apprenticeship as a leper. Toward the end of the third year, the treatments began to show effect. The tumors which had disfigured my face disappeared little by little. The silvery spots had also disappeared and remained only as slight discolorations on my arms and chest. My comrades congratulated me. I had been cured without first becoming blind, without having lost a hand or even a finger. I could work, and who knows, perhaps marry, have children and live like other men.

Between Montmartre and the Rue Drouot I met Jeanne. She smiled as she passed me. I followed her and I think I spoke to her immediately. It was the first time in my life that I had stopped a woman. She told me that she worked in the theater and was free

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every afternoon. I said that I came from the provinces to look for work in Paris and that I was living meanwhile with an old aunt. Side by side we walked to the Place de la Concorde near the Tuileries. I held her arm. Near the statue of Tragedy, with its double face, repulsive from one angle and beautiful from the other, we held hands. Then we went to the movies and there I pressed my lips against her face. Her skin was soft and fresh. It was seven o'clock when we separated.

'Until tomorrow,' she said, 'at Montmartre.'

I ran back like mad to the hospital Saint-Louis. I jostled passers-by. Chauffeurs cursed me as I dodged their cars. I felt as if I were being hunted. If Jeanne had known, she would have fled without listening to me. The mere fact that for an instant she had breathed the same air as I would have made her uneasy.

In vain I told myself that leprosy was not contagious. I knew it; the doctors told me so over and over again. I read it. I saw the nurses approach me fearlessly. In the United States they have tried to inoculate with leprosy men condemned to death who consented to undergo such an experiment. They grafted leprous skin onto their forearms, and the sickness didn't take. In spite of all the arguments, I could not get rid of the feeling that I had committed a horrible deception. That whole night I saw Jeanne's eyes dilated with fear while a gray-silver spot grew monstrous on my face.

Nevertheless I lived three years with Jeanne. We had a little apartment near the Place de la Nation. My grandparents sent me a little money. I was able to find work. We were an ordinary couple. I think Jeanne was happy with me. I deceived her only about going to the hospital. Dr. Ragu had explained to me that I would escape a relapse only by continuing to undergo regularly the treatments that had cured my sickness. Three times a week I went stealthily to Saint-Louis. I had a repertoire of lies to justify my absence: old aunts whom I had to visit, cousins from the provinces to meet at the station, sick friends. I made a hundred detours to get to the hospital. The second year I went to Saint-Louis less regularly. Any physician will tell you that all sick men are amazingly thoughtless. Once the symptoms of disease disappear, an effort of the imagination is necessary to realize that they can always come back. I began to feel as though I had heard somebody else tell the story of my sufferings.

At the beginning of the third year, I got a job in an office, which took up all my time during the day. Sometimes in Saint-Louis I had to wait two or three hours for my turn to be treated. If I sacrificed three mornings a week I could scarcely have held my job. The fact that I was a leper began to seem so unbelievable to me, so little in harmony with my life, that it was the treatment which I sacrificed.

IV

In April, 1935, three years after I met Jeanne, I had an attack of fever. I said to myself that it was *la grippe*. Why shouldn't I have *la grippe* like everybody else? But the next day I suffered the old nervous contractions in every joint. When I tried to read the paper, the print danced before my eyes. My sight suddenly became

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weak. Jeanne suggested that it was an attack of rheumatism.

One cannot go on lying indefinitely to a woman with whom one is living. I could hide my sickness from Jeanne as long as it was only a phantom from the past. Now the nameless horror was again seated at my bedside and its stigmas were again written in my skin. I told myself that I would explain to her that I was neither a monster nor a public menace. She would talk to the doctors and understand.

Jeanne didn't revile me. 'Of course I know, my dear,' she told me, 'that if you thought you were contagious, you would have never come near me.' That evening before going to sleep she kissed me more tenderly than ever. Some women are sublime.

The next morning I went to Saint-Louis. When I came back, I found a note on the table. 'I hold nothing against you. I know that this will hurt you and I should like to stay, but truly I cannot. Goodbye. Jeanne.'

A trite little note such as faithless women leave for their husbands before running away. But this time I was the guilty one. I had deceived her with the Great Sickness.

The next day I entered the Pavilion de Malte and there I have remained, for leprosy is a jealous mistress and does not tolerate a rival.

V

The lepers' ward is a very pleasant place. It is a red-brick building with many windows somewhat removed from the other buildings of Saint-Louis, surrounded by great trees full of birds, and grassy lawns. It looks like a villa in the midst of a beautiful park. Every patient has his own room. Sometimes you will see brawny young men wrestling on the lawn. They are lepers, too. While waiting for the Hansen bacillus to paralyze the nerves of their arms, they get all the enjoyment they can out of their magnificent muscles. In the evening we listen to our orchestra. We can go into the city whenever we wish.

There are now twenty-one of us lepers in the Pavilion de Malte, eighteen men, two women and one little girl who has just had her first communion. We do whatever we like—read, write, dream, take walks, speak, sleep—oh, we can sleep the whole day long if we want to and if we can. We are well fed and well lodged. We are not obliged to earn our living. We have neither wives nor children to worry about. We are strangers to all the responsibilities of men, even to that of making oneself loved by another human being. We are free! Free! Nothing is denied us except hope. Nothing is forbidden to us except to live.

There are no illusions for me. I see myself in room 9, as I was when I was fifteen, and in room 18, as I shall be when I am forty—if I am still alive. Just now, at twenty-four, I have lost only the first phalanges on four fingers, three on the right hand and one on the left; my sight is as good as ever, now that I have again started my treatments. I can still read and write. I even write poems like René Pilain, the leper who published two volumes of poetry. We know many of his poems by heart. René Pilain died blind, and dictated his last verses to his comrades in the hospital. I, too, will always be able to find a friend to read to me or to write what I dictate. We lepers have so much free time.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Words and Deeds

It is unthinkable that the Imperial Navy would commit an act contrary to humanity.

—Admiral Yonai, Japanese Minister for Marine, in a speech in the Diet, September 6

Japan will bomb only military concentrations, forts, institutions that are associated with the Army, public works that the military utilizes, means of communications and other factors of military necessity.

—Rear Admiral Honda, Japanese Naval Attaché in China, September 26

Ten survivors declared today 300 men, women and children were killed when a Japanese submarine sank a fleet of Chinese fishing junks off Cheelongkau Point, on the South China Coast.

They asserted the Japanese submarine rose to the surface suddenly, opened fire and sank junk after junk. While the wounded and dying, including 100 women and children, struggled in the water, the submarine went away.

—Associated Press, Hong Kong, September 27

Perhaps

At the Exhibition of 'Degenerate Art' in Munich, which impressively demonstrates how decadent influences in the past have preyed upon the cultural life of Germany, the number of visitors has already passed the million mark. Since the opening of the Exhibition the stream of visitors has not stopped. They have come in order to appreciate more fully the constructive work now being done in the field of art, and to gain a comprehensive picture of the now liquidated epoch of disintegration in German art.

—*Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin

Philanthropy

What a pleasant thing it would be if all those people earning £2,000 and over a year would each adopt an unemployed man and help him to preserve his sense of proportion by sending him an occasional cheerful letter or an old book.

—Letter in the *News Chronicle*, London

Tongue-Tied

The German press was strictly forbidden to mention anything about the Soviet expedition to the North Pole, while all the newspapers elsewhere in the world wrote its praises. Finally it became impossible to keep quiet any longer, and the Fascist authorities gave out orders to explain things in a very subtle manner. Accordingly, in the paper *Montag* there appeared a little article with the piquant title, 'It is raining at the North Pole.' The article cautiously stated that 'Our meteorologists (Germans?) have always dreamt of establishing an observation station at the North Pole.'

At last, it seems, the dream of the German meteorologists had come true. The author tells us that 'such a station has been set up directly on the North Pole.' But who was it who finally realized the dream of the meteorologists? The author does not dare to answer but says vaguely that this station has been built with the world-wide collaboration of scientists. What scientists? What world collaboration? Who built it? The author does not say. He goes on to describe how 'last May, thirty men equipped with scientific instruments were landed from airplanes on the ice.' We still don't know who landed, and whose mysterious airplanes made this interesting expedition. The author does not say. It looks as if the cat had got his tongue.

—*Pravda*, Moscow

Vive le Roi!

It has been learned that certain French officers stationed at Verdun expressed their political opinions under the disguise of a writing game. The following statements were culled from the replies by our informant:—

'Let us be ready to spill our blood for France and her King!'

'Time which is not used to help France and her King is wasted time.'

'The Republic is a bitch.'

'The Republic is a rotten and dirty régime.'

'I am first a Frenchman and then a Republican.'

'Whatever may come, long live the King!'

The Republic certainly has good defenders!

—*Lumière*, Paris

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Too-Apt Metaphor

Just as the bird whose eyes have been put out expresses his feelings through his song, so it may be that the German who has suffered so much on this earth has learned thereby to sing.

—Adolf Hitler

Defense Forces?

It is a cause for deep gratification that Her Majesty the Empress, out of gracious thoughtfulness for the officers and men of our defense forces in China, has been so kind as to roll bandages in person.

—*Mainichi*, Osaka

Whitewashing Wessel

The Nazi anthem, the *Horst Wessel Song*, has been declared a plagiarism by Nazi musicians.

The song is named after its composer, who was killed in a street scuffle in pre-Hitler days and has since been proclaimed a Nazi 'martyr.' Recently the Wessel family started a suit over the song's copyright.

To the consternation of the Nazis, every musician who gave evidence declared that the anthem was a plagiarism of three popular songs, *Voyage to Africa*, *The Fisherman and His Bride*, and *There Was a Man*.

And when the judge endorsed the musicians' view, the case was rushed to the Supreme Court at Leipzig, which obediently removed the 'stigma.'

So the *Horst Wessel Song* remains the Nazi anthem.

—*Daily Herald*, London

Il Duce is Efficient

Fascist Italy has made much ado about the draining of the Pontine marshes, where so many new cities were to have been built. It is quite true that the marshes have been drained. They have been so well drained, in fact, that scarcely a drop of water was left. Tremendous new works were necessary in order to make life possible in the reclaimed regions. The Ethiopian and Spanish wars put a stop to them, so that the settlers who have been drawn by intense propaganda to the Pontine region are now living under wretched conditions, lacking an adequate water supply for the cattle or for their hygienic needs.

—*Lumière*, Paris

Not So Funny

According to the latest anecdote that is going the rounds in Germany, a monument has just been erected bearing the following inscription: *Dem unbekannten Zufriedenen* (To the Unknown Contented Man).

—*World Review*, London

Peace on Earth

A room filled with tear gas, in which parishioners were invited to test gas masks was one of the features at a church fête at Chartham.

—*East Kent Gazette*, England

The Menace

Complaints about the provocation of the German population by Jews have increased so much lately that strong apprehension is felt for maintenance of law and order.

—*Preussische Zeitung*, Upper Silesia

Valour

The Duke of Gloucester braved the rain on Saturday to take part in grouse shooting.

—*News Chronicle*, London

Secret Asset?

The most precious and peculiar possession of our people is the ineradicable love of the German for personal freedom.

—'Saying for the day'
8-Uhr Abendblatt, Berlin

Unfortunate!

While there is much to be said for yellow fever, spotted fever and smallpox, since they are all dreaded diseases, it is easier to produce them in the laboratory than on a scale effective in bacteriological warfare.

—German military service journal

Zulus Are Tough

A Zulu, Samuel Kumalo, of Harrismith, Orange Free State, was driving a trap when the horses bolted. The Zulu was

Flung out on his head;
Dragged for 400 yards;
Run over by a wheel of the trap, and
Kicked on the head by one of the horses.

The Zulu rested for ten minutes and drove away.

—Reuter Dispatch

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

My Thirty-Five Years' Fight with the Censor

By Laurence Housman

From the *Evening Standard*, London

IT IS not only the mills of the Gods which grind slowly, and make mincemeat of their victims. Machines of a less desirable and a far less exalted character do the same; and among these our English Censorship (in my case, at any rate) has shown itself a slow sort of machine, and small in all its doings.

During my thirty-five years' experience of its operations, thirty-two of my plays have been censored for what to sensible minds must seem small and insufficient reasons; and though, at long last, the bulk of them have now been released from bondage, the method of the machine's operations has not increased my respect for it.

My personal entanglement in its cog-wheels began in 1902, when I submitted for license a Nativity play called *Bethlehem;* license was refused on the score that the Holy Family must not figure in a stage-play.

As regards the actual presentation of the play, the ban did not make much difference. A 'Bethlehem Society' was formed, members obtained tickets and the play was performed, theoretically in private, but actually to a public, though limited in number, and expensive to collect. This circumvention of the Censor cost me about five hundred pounds. Had there been no censorship, there is no doubt that Gordon Craig's beautiful production would have brought a handsome profit to all concerned.

Now what justification had the Censor for his action? A few years later, he licensed a play called *Eager Heart* in which the Holy Family appeared in the disguise of peasants seeking shelter for the night. When I wrote to ask the Censor why he had given a license for what he had refused to me, he first denied that he had done so and then fell back on the excuse that in that play only one of the Holy Family—St. Joseph—spoke.

To that I nailed him. If I arranged in my play that only St. Joseph spoke, would he, I asked, give it a license? He could not do otherwise than say Yes; and so, for the next five years, my play was publicly performed with a ridiculous 'Earth-Angel' standing by Our Lady's side and saying her words for her!

It then happened that Mr. Rutland Boughton revived and set to music an old mystery play, also called *Bethlehem*, which apparently had common law rights which modern plays have not; in this play Our Lady spoke at considerable length. Once more I approached the Censor and requested him to reconsider his decision. The facts obliged him to yield, and my *Bethlehem* thereafter was given full license.

I was heavily out of pocket—but could claim no compensation.

My next encounter with the Censor was over my historical play *Pains and Penalties*, dealing with the matrimonial relations of George IV and his wife, Queen Caroline. This play had been commissioned by Miss Gertrude Kingston, and with it she intended to open a new London theater. The play was submitted to the Censor. He began by asking Miss Kingston to withdraw her application. Miss Kingston very properly refused to let my play be sent out of the back door on that sort of subterfuge; the ban was pronounced, and for several weeks the Lord Chamberlain refused to indicate any offending passage, the removal of which would enable a stage license to be granted.

At last the Lord Chamberlain gave in. My play dealt, he said, with 'a sad his-

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torical episode of comparatively recent date in the life of an unhappy lady.' The 'unhappy lady' had been dead for ninety years, and during the whole of that period her memory had rested under a cloud, which my play tended to remove. Driven to give a public reason for his action, the Lord Chamberlain decided that such an attempt to rehabilitate her character was not to be allowed.

Nine years later, under a more enlightened Lord Chamberlain, and with a change of Censor, two plays which had previously been banned—*The Cenci* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*—were given a license. I then returned to the charge and asked that *Pains and Penalties* also should be reconsidered.

The Censor did reconsider it, and two pretended stones of stumbling were then tardily revealed to me. They were the two words 'committed adultery,' and the sentence 'Heirs male of the last generation have not been a conspicuous success;' and I now hold the Lord Chamberlain's official assurance that so long as these two revolting phrases are omitted from the stage version of my play, a license will be granted to any manager who chooses to apply.

My next contact with the Censorship was over my series of plays about Queen Victoria, now collected under the covering title of *Victoria Regina*. On these plays being submitted to the Censor, I was informed that the Lord Chamberlain was unable to grant a license for plays containing so sacred a character as the late Queen Victoria. Once more, for getting the plays dramatically presented, I had to resort to the same course as that which I adopted for *Bethlehem* and *Pains and Penalties*, and secure for them a technically private performance which escaped the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain; and under these safeguarding conditions, ten of the plays were performed very successfully at the Gate Theatre for five weeks in 1935.

And now at last (thanks, presumably, to the common sense of the former King Edward VIII) a license for public performance has been granted them; and a new rule has been devised by the Lord Chamberlain in order to give the concession its proper red-tape accompaniment.

It is now decided that one hundred years after the accession of a deceased sovereign the sacredness of his or her character has sufficiently diminished to allow of stage presentation. So, on June 21, 1937, the day after its centenary, my first scene representing the accession of Queen Victoria and nine or ten other plays of the series made their first public appearance.

I cannot say for certain that my battle with the Censorship is yet entirely won, because of the forty-two plays which I have now written around the character of Queen Victoria, only eleven have yet been presented for license, and there may be snags, about which I know nothing, still awaiting me; but I can claim at least to have secured a very substantial success, which, judging from what has happened over the two previous plays, time is likely to enlarge.

But is it not a strange incongruity, in our democratic system, that a functionary of almost autocratic power, and subject to no judicial appeal, is able, as effectively as a Bolshevik government to destroy property, impoverish a playwright and deny to the public perfectly decent entertainment, merely on the basis of a stale tradition which he can alter at will, as was proved by his subsequent passing of my two earlier plays? Is it any wonder that I am out to discredit a department so out-of-date in its working, and from which I have received such unjust treatment?

The Art Treasures of Spain

By Sir Frederick Kenyon

From the *Sunday Times*, London

A CORRESPONDENCE in the *Times* about the end of July led to an invitation from the Spanish Government through its

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Ambassador in London that I should go to Spain as its guest and see for myself the actual position of the art treasures of the country and the measures that are being taken for their protection. In this invitation Mr. F. G. Mann, Keeper of the Wallace Collection, was readily included, and his previous knowledge of the Spanish collections was of particular service. In all we spent nine strenuous days in Catalonia, Valencia and Madrid, and acquired a good deal of information which was certainly not generally known outside Spain. Even 'doubting Thomases,' as a Barcelona newspaper called us, have their uses for the confirmation and spread of truth.

It is only fair to say at once that we were everywhere received in the most friendly and hospitable spirit. We were taken wherever we wished to go; we were shown whatever we asked to see; all questions that we asked (and they were many) were readily answered; there was no appearance of any desire to hold back anything. We saw works of art that had been destroyed, and others that had been preserved. There was no attempt to conceal the fact that there had been much destruction, especially in churches, in the early days of the troubles; on the other hand, it was very evident that subsequently a surprising amount of work has been done to protect the historic treasures of the nation from the dangers of war, for which those who have been concerned deserve the fullest credit.

For guidance during our visits to Valencia and Madrid we are especially indebted to Señor Perez Rubio, President of the Junta del Tesoro Artistico Nacional, and himself an artist, who accompanied us throughout; while in Catalonia we were taken under the guidance of Señor Josef Gudiol, one of the chief officers of the Department of Monuments, and also were most hospitably assisted by Señor Carlos Sunyer, Minister of Education, and Dr. Bosch Gimpera, Minister of Justice. In addition to these we had help and information from many others whom it would be a pleasure to name if space permitted. Our main business is to report facts for the information of those who, living out of Spain, have felt anxiety for the safety of the great works of art in that country. We could not see everything, but we saw much, of many kinds.

I will begin with those that are best known and have been in most danger, the pictures at the Prado. About five hundred of these, including all that are regarded as the best, are at Valencia. Most of them are stacked in the Torres de Serranos, the twin round towers of which form one of the gates of the medieval town. There they occupy the ground floor of one tower. The vaulted roof above them has been strengthened by concrete and earth, and there are two other stories with stone vaults above. The Torres are on the side of the town farthest from the sea, an area little likely to be attacked; and they appear strong enough to resist bombardment by anything less than heavy shells. The pictures are packed in their frames in stout packing-cases well padded inside; nearly every picture has a packing-case to itself. The cases themselves are being fire-proofed; an *auto-da-fé* was arranged for our benefit to show us the fire-resisting qualities of paper and wood so treated.

We asked to see a number of pictures, selected rather at random by ourselves. They were produced at once and unpacked, so that we could see that the picture was the one named, and also the method of packing. Among them we saw *Las Meniñas*, the *Aesop*, and the portraits of Margaret of Austria and Don Balthasar Carlos by Velazquez, Goya's *Maja Vestida* and *Maja Desnuda*, Greco's large *Trinity*, Raphael's *Holy Family* with the lamb, and his portrait of Cardinal Alidorio, Titian's *Salome*, Rubens's *Marie de Medicis*, a *Virgin* by Roger van der Weyden, on panel (acquired some few years ago), and several others.

It is not the case, as was confidently affirmed to me in Paris, that the Velazquez paintings are already in that capital for

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exhibition; but such an exhibition (of Spanish paintings only) is in contemplation, and the pictures selected for it have a special mark on their cases. Most of those destined for Paris, including those of Velazquez and Goya mentioned above, except the *Aesop*, are not in the Torres de Serranos, but are separately stored in the Colegio del Patriarca. There they are fairly well protected, but not so well as at the Torres; and if the transfer to Paris does not take place—and the conditions of transport are difficult—it would be safer to remove them.

It has been suggested that it was unnecessary to remove these precious pictures from Madrid, as good refuge had been provided for them in the vaults of the Bank of Spain. This place of refuge was used, but did not prove satisfactory. Five Grecos from Illescás were stored there, but when examined a few weeks later, were found covered with mildew. The damage is reparable, and to a great extent has already been repaired; we saw the pictures and photographs of them before and after restoration; but it is clear that the vaults would not be a safe place for pictures without the installation of an elaborate anti-humidity apparatus. Without that, damp is a more serious danger than a bomb. The Torres, being above ground, are less liable to damp, but an apparatus to guard against it will be installed shortly.

In the second tower are the best tapestries (over 300 in number) from the Royal Palace, laid (without rolling) on a platform erected for them. Below it are pictures, some from Valencia itself. There are said to be altogether nine kilometres of tapestries. Some, at any rate, of the tapestries of the Duke of Alba are in Valencia; we saw three (rolled up and in a huge packing case), said to be tapestries of battles from the great hall of the Palacio di Liria, also seven others, said to be of less importance. Other objects which we saw in Valencia included the great disk of Theodosius, from the Academy of History at Madrid, a cross with a thorn of the True Cross from Alcalá de Henares, a number of objects from the Tesoro of the Cathedral of Cuenca, a Greco from the Church of San Anton, another from a small village near Madrid and one (previously unknown) from the Convent of the Incarnation.

Here there are also about 2,000 manuscripts and 5,000 printed books from the National Library and 1,000 manuscripts from the Escorial; the rest of both libraries remains at Madrid. The Colegio del Patriarca also contains the library and archives of the cathedral (including 300 *incunabula*) and the library of Archbishop de Ribera, founder of the college.

In Madrid, where we had the best part of two days, the Prado retains the pictures that have not been sent to Valencia. They are stored in the basement. Some 30 or 40 pictures from the Escorial are also here, and about 1,300 miscellaneous pictures from outside. Altogether the Junta has collected over 5,000 pictures from churches, private owners and elsewhere, which are stored here or in the Museo Archeologico or the Church of San Francisco.

No explosive bombs have hitherto hit the building, though some have been sufficiently near to shatter the windows. A few incendiary bombs fell in the building, but did little harm; apparently their effect is slight unless they fall on very inflammable material.

In the royal palace, which directly faces the main front of attack, most of the windows have been broken and a good deal of damage has been done to stonework. The furniture has been collected in rooms on the least exposed side. Most of the windows toward the front are sandbagged, not very heavily: in at least two cases small shells had penetrated the sandbags and done a little damage inside. The Throne Room seemed uninjured; also the chapel, except that a few square feet of the painting of the dome have fallen, apparently from concussion from outside, since the masonry did not seem to be

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penetrated. In another hall the ceiling by Tiepolo has been penetrated by two shells, but only a few feet of the painting are damaged. The library is intact, as are the archives, which, however, are on the side facing the battle front, but in lower rooms, protected by sandbags.

The great Armeria was a sad sight. In the main hall there remain only the dummy horses and empty niches. The magnificent armor itself is stacked in heaps in some small rooms on a lower level, and must have suffered from scratching and denting in the process. Apart from the exposed position of this part of the palace, the armor cannot but suffer unless it is placed where it can be better attended to. It appears that the armor comes under a different department from that of the art treasures in general; and it is to be hoped that steps will be taken soon to improve its custody.

Apart from the Prado, the main repositories into which works of art of all sorts and kinds have been collected are the Museo Archeologico and the Church of San Francisco el Grande (in the Northeast and Southwest quarters of the city respectively). Here pictures, furniture, sculptures, ceramics, etc., are stacked in thousands, all being carefully labeled and inventoried. Among other things we saw in the Museo the ashes of Cardinal Cisneros in a silver box from Alcalá de Henares; a picture by Quintin Matsys, handed over by a Socialist organization which had occupied the house of its owner; the collections of the museum itself, and many pictures and other objects from outside.

Two halls are being fitted with wooden platforms in three stages, on which ceramics are being stacked: I should be afraid of the results of concussion if any heavy shell or bomb were to explode in the neighborhood. The Museo is at a distance from the fighting area at present; nevertheless the front of the Biblioteca Nacional, in the same block, has had its front hit by a shell, which decapitated the statue of Lope da Vega, and other bombs, said to be incendiary, fell inside, but did little harm. Most of the book-presses in the Biblioteca have been emptied, and 40,000 volumes are concentrated in steel cases on three floors in a special room. In this room are also the best pieces from the library of the Duke of Medinaceli, and of the Usoz and I'Serclaes collections. Other private collections are elsewhere in the building. Manuscripts are in a basement room with a solid vault.

Here also we saw the tomb of Cardinal Cisneros, from Alcalá, of which we had heard (even in Spain) alarming reports of almost total destruction. The damage, though serious, is not as bad as that. The figure of the Cardinal is broken across below the knees in a single fracture, which should be quite reparable; otherwise it is intact except for the tips of the fingers, the nose and the crozier. The rest of the monument is broken into large pieces, and looks as if it could be restored.

In the Church of San Francisco is an omnium gatherum of minor works of art from churches and private collections, grouped in masses by subjects. There are thousands of small pictures here, hundreds of sculptures; furniture, including some from the Prado, some from the Lazaro collection; scores of clocks from the Prado; carriages (including two of the Duke of Alba), and so on. The best pictures were at first put in the basement, but it was found damp; now ceramics have been placed there; also (of which the wisdom seems questionable) furniture. Ivories are in the chapter house—not too safe a position, as it faces the front. Indeed the whole church cannot be regarded as very safe, since one can see the front lines from the windows; but so far it has escaped shelling.

We had hoped to visit the Escorial, but it proved impossible; partly because our guardians (who became uneasy when we looked out of the windows of the palace towards the front) did not much care about taking us to an area so near the fighting, but mainly for lack of time for the journey of some 30 miles each way.

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BOOKS ABROAD

German Culture

La Chambre de Culture Allemande dans le régime totalitaire du IIIème Reich. *By Hervé Bigot. Paris: Les Éditions Domat-Montchrestien. 1937.*

(Hugo Bieber in the *Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris)

THE establishment of the Reich Chamber of Culture has been hailed by National Socialist propagandists as a guarantee for the beginning of the golden era of German art and science. The opposition has frequently been silenced by the argument that a State which has spent such enormous sums for the promotion of cultural life may justly insist upon the recognition of its policy, even if these sums were occasionally misused. The structure of this organization has not failed to make a deep impression abroad.

Recently a young French scholar, Hervé Bigot, has devoted his attention to the organization and the activities of the Reich Chamber of Culture. Bigot, who seems to be well qualified to play an important rôle in the political life of France —he is a close collaborator of Henry Bérenger, the President of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the French Senate—has made an intensive study of the laws and decrees concerning the Reich Chamber of Culture and the German press, and an analysis of the commentaries of German jurists in regard to them. He sees the Reich Chamber of Culture in its relation to the German State as a whole, giving a survey of the decrees which are replacing the Constitution. He describes National Socialist policy both in the field of political power and in that of culture, and he outlines its practical results and tendencies with great clarity and calmness. No unbiased critic can deny that Bigot has been eminently fair in describing the intentions of the rulers of the Third Reich. He is not only an expert in his field, but also proves to have an open mind for the necessities of a state and its cultural life. But since he is also a searcher after truth, he does not suppress his own judgment, while distinguishing clearly between evidence and conclusion. He avoids all superfluous polemics; yet he could not avoid emphasizing his own conclusions. And the observations of such an expert are just as necessary as an undistorted presentation of the facts if we are to understand such a complicated problem.

The great difficulty, which Bigot has overcome successfully, lies on the one hand in the unsystematic, sometimes contradictory, nature of legislation peculiar to all dictatorships and in striking contrast to the determination expressed in their actions. On the other hand, to strip off the ballyhoo and reach the objective content is even more difficult. The National Socialists have applied the language of propaganda even to their laws and decrees, partly to maintain an intentional vagueness, partly because they actually believe that such language is appropriate even in text that must serve as a basis for the administration of justice.

Bigot finds a striking term for the dictatorship of the Third Reich: '*Une dictature d'éducation;*' in it a 'cultural police' preëmpts those functions exercised in democracies by the spontaneous activity of the creative stratum of the population. The president of the German Reich Theater Chamber, Dr. Rainer Schlösser, has called Germany most fortunate in regard to the personality guiding this 'cultural police.' Says Dr. Schlösser: 'For the first time in world history a statesman who is at the same time an artist determines the policy of a people.' One might point to Paderewski and Lamartine. But Bigot simply remarks laconically: 'He forgot to mention Nero.'

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Bigot remarks that the much discussed 'Corporate State' has materialized only in the Reich Chamber of Culture and in the organization of agriculture. Before the Nazis seized power this was one of the main points in the Party program of the National Socialists, but it has fallen by the wayside. For it has become apparent that the medieval 'guilds' simply cannot be revived; nor should they be revived even if it were possible, since it has been realized lately that the ideas of the Corporate State are in opposition to the Leader principle of the Totalitarian State.

That is why no new syndicates have been created and the old ones have been brought under Party control. One cannot speak of 'guilds,' Bigot rightly asserts, but only of professional representation incorporated into the Party State. Thus the guilds of writers, artists, journalists, etc., have been incorporated into the Reich Chamber of Culture in order to imbue them with National Socialist ideology. The influential position of the Minister of Propaganda is here of decisive significance since he can intervene at his discretion with no appeal possible from his decisions. The professional interests of the groups organized in the Reich Chamber of Culture do not come first as becomes apparent from a statement of a German author cited by Bigot: 'A Reich Theater Chamber existing only to safeguard the artistic interests of its members would be a highly unimportant artists' club.'

Even in regard to the economic interests of those organized in the Reich Chamber of Culture the efforts are limited to decrees making it more difficult for outsiders to practice their profession, that is, eliminating competition. An improvement in the economic situation of artists and writers can hardly be recorded.

BIGOT confirms the collapse of the German newspapers as a result of Goebbels's press policies. He brushes aside the argument that the total circulation has not materially fallen with the remark: 'These figures are neither comparable nor significant, since innumerable new organizations, public and private authorities have been forced to subscribe in precise proportion to the number of their members or dependents.' Finally Bigot turns against the identification of German National Socialism with Italian Fascism as well as against a political comparison of Hitler with Mussolini. Here he is remarkably positive in favor of Italy—perhaps too positive; nevertheless his conclusions are interesting:—

'Hitler, inspired by the spirit of Austrian anti-Semitism *à la* Lueger, never had a true concept of law, while Mussolini has pondered and even written about the theories of Machiavelli. Machiavelli was one of the greatest ideological technicians of the State. That explains why the Italian State has as its basis a real *rationale* and why Fascism is a rejuvenation of the Roman Empire.

'By contrast, the German idol stands on feet of clay. The Teutonic colossus rests upon "blood and soil"—foundations of a most doubtful nature. Nationalist mythology in Germany cannot invoke a great past and the term "Third Reich" is merely the memory of an old dream. The Fascist doctrine of the State has upheld the conception of the *citizen*, altogether rejecting the political ideology of the Middle Ages. Giorgio del Vecchio (Dean of the Roman School of Law) has expressed opposition to all legal medievalism and has shown that the corporate economic organization of Italy is but a necessary coördinate to the present régime. Germany has preached the restoration of the medieval corporate system, creating the illusion of a German common law and of a constitution founded solely upon a party movement.

'The Corporate State of Hitler consists of a grouping of enterprises and not, as is the case in Italy, of a union of two bodies, one comprising the enterprises and the other the workers. The National Socialist régime has borrowed the term "Totali-

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tarian State" from Fascism but has completely distorted its meaning. Italian Fascism has absorbed all Italian *parties;* the National Socialist State absorbs all *individuals.*'

This comparison of Fascism and National Socialism establishes at least one fact: Bigot is no Leftist. His rejection of the National Socialist régime and its entire cultural policy does not spring from political prejudice. All the more valuable is his testimony. His final conclusion runs as follows:—

'What is there new to the east of us? A new type of human being, but no new growth of law; an art of propaganda based on ballyhoo. The Reich Chamber of Culture has the task of setting this ballyhoo in motion without regard to the true aims of art and science. Germany is growing incapable of grasping that the human soul is individual.'

The German opposition shares this conviction with the representatives of French culture from the Right as well as with those from the Left.

Conversation in Elysium

Elysian Fields. A Dialogue. *By Salvador de Madariaga, a Spaniard by birth, a world-citizen by conviction. London: Allen and Unwin. 1937.*

(Geoffrey Grigson in the *Morning Post*, London)

THERE is much good will in Europe, Asia, and America. In the plain sense, this is much idealism. There is a wish for peace, which is not only a selfish wish. There are great educators, and from the nursery school to the university their freer, more humane, more creative notions are governing or modifying the practice of education.

But where is all this good will going to? Some goes to Moscow, some goes to Berlin and Rome, some to Burgos, some to Valencia. Some goes into revivalism, some into speeches about Democracy. It splits and joins up with rival fanaticisms, when it might coalesce into a world vision—a vision which could supplant the expediency and the hard kick of events, that seem to be the dictators of policy in the modern world.

'We learn from history that men learn nothing from history'—for that most black of sayings how much support one can find in any day's offering of world news in any newspaper! If you believe it, if you do believe that good will must be frittered, must be ineffectual, then at once you must buy and you must read this dialogue by Salvador de Madariaga.

De Madariaga calls himself, under the title, 'a Spaniard by birth, a world-citizen by conviction;' which is to say, 'in my conviction, I do not forget my origin.' Then, in the Elysian fields, he calls up Goethe, in whom feeling and knowledge supremely met while he was on earth, who lived long enough, he says, to put some order into his strong passions. And Goethe comes in with Mary Stuart, a 'passionate creature who left the earth too soon.' Voltaire follows, then Napoleon; and all of them are about to receive into the Elysian fields the rather bumptious soul of Dr. Karl Marx.

For several scenes they talk together about Europe and the human lot, Voltaire making brilliant fun of Marx, whose 'science is a decorous cloak for his faith.' Goethe's is the balanced and serene and critical mind. Marx is there as one of the two spirits who move Europe, Napoleon as the other, and when Napoleon declares that 'to govern is to command,' Goethe brings in President Washington to answer him. 'You were born too late, Sir,' says Washington. 'Hitler and Mussolini even more so. The times when unions could be forged in the furnace of war are gone. Men no longer acquiesce in obedience. They must be convinced—not conquered.'

Washington, like Goethe (and like Salvador de Madariaga), is a world-citizen by conviction, a fact which startles the spirit of an American Senator, summoned from his sleep in the Senate so that the

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Elysians can discover why it is America does not join the League. 'Why, sir, the answer is obvious: out of respect for the cherished memory of President Washington;' and he quotes from Washington's Farewell Address, that 'It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world . . .'

WASHINGTON: Still, Senator, to keep out of horses' hoofs is good advice for a puppy, but not for an elephant.

Washington finally declares: 'I am a citizen of the great republic of humanity at large.' The Senator swoons.

Goethe and Washington (and Salvador de Madariaga) are League men. 'Now the world community exists, and is beginning to be conscious of itself,' says Goethe. 'Therefore there must be world government.'

'I dream,' he concludes, 'of a day when mankind, nations and individuals, will realize their organic unity and therefore will be safe against corruption; when men will transfer to the nation, in the more complex form of services, the energy they receive in their sustenance and education; when the nation will receive these services from their citizens and transfer them, in the more complex form of culture, to the world commonwealth. Then the world will have achieved the finest ideal of man —liberty in order.'

The dialogue ends when the voice of the Lord follows 'the mighty accent' of Bach's *Toccata e Fuga* (a little different from the *Horst Wessel Song*, *Giovinezza* or the *Internationale*) and says only, 'That is as it may be.' Everything then dissolves in a luminous mist; and you may find either it disturbing or comforting that 'a twitch in the mist marks the space where Voltaire vanished, leaving his smile behind.'

This is a fine book. Its ideas may not be the ones we all favor, but they have, if not always originality, a nobility and a reasonableness. The expression of them is both rich and witty (read Voltaire on the Lord's interview with William Jennings Bryan, the Fundamentalist, on Himself and Evolution), and they have the importance of compelling one to think a second time, of forcing one to reinstall question marks after one's most comfortable convictions.

A NEW TEXTBOOK IN RUSSIA

SHORT COURSE OF HISTORY OF U.S.S.R. *Edited by Professor A. V. Shestakoff. Moscow: Uchpedgiz. 1937.*

(J. Sternberg in the *Manchester Guardian*)

THE profound changes which have been taking place in the Soviet Union during recent years show themselves nowhere more plainly than in the cultural sphere. Especially in the teaching of history in Russian schools one may recognize the turn toward State patriotism and away from the old ideas of the Communist Revolution. During the first years after the conquest of dictatorial power Bolshevik megalomania in Russia proclaimed the whole historic development of Russia until October, 1917, to have been prehistoric; the actual history of the country and the people began only then. A large school of Marxist historians, such as Professor Pokrovsky and Bukharin, busily belittled and laughed away all heroic personalities, all Tsars and all important events in Russian history. Respect for the old forces and prejudices was thus to be destroyed. The very name 'Russian' was despised; 'Russia' was replaced by the 'Union of Socialist Soviet Republics;' instead of the nation there came the International.

Now all this has radically changed. The building of a powerful Red Army, the entrance into the League of Nations and the new methods of studying Russian history are bound together. In May, 1934, the Soviet Government, over Stalin's signature, proclaimed its dissatisfaction with the teaching of history in Soviet schools, and on January 26, 1936, Stalin published

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theses on the character of the new Russian history books which needed to be compiled. Stalin was indignant over the description of Russian history as a chain of crimes and outrages, and he demanded that the Soviet State and the proletarian dictatorship should be shown to be nothing but the logical consequence of the whole development of Russia. These 'theses' were equivalent, of course, to a decreed law.

Now the Government has published the information (*Pravda*, August 22) that a competition had been arranged for the fulfillment of this law, that forty-six new textbooks were submitted, that none of them completely satisfied the requirements of the Government, and that therefore the first prize would not be awarded. But one textbook, arranged under the editorship of Professor A. V. Shestakoff, is accepted as suitable, and will be circulated in millions of copies throughout the schools of the Soviet Union.

Why were all the other forty-five books regarded as bad? The explanations, given by the official commission, are the best possible indication of the political ideas of the Stalinist régime: 'All these authors idealize pre-Christian paganism; they do not understand that the introduction of Christianity represented an advance in comparison with pagan barbarism, that together with the Christian faith the serfs gained the literature and principles of the higher Byzantine culture. The authors ignore the progressive part played by the monasteries in the first centuries of Christianized Russia, as centers of culture and colonization.'

Note the interest of up-to-date Bolshevism in the colonization of foreign countries; and not only in peaceful colonization, for the unfortunate authors are further reproached: 'They regard the passage of Georgia at the end of the eighteenth century under the protectorate of Russia, as well as that of Ukraine under the power of Russia, as an absolute evil, without relation to the conditions of the time. The authors do not realize that Georgia had only two alternatives—either to be absorbed by the Persia of the Shah and the Turkey of the Sultan or to pass under the protectorate of Russia. It was the same with the Ukraine: it was bound either to be absorbed by the Poland of the Boyars and the Sultan's Turkey or to submit to the power of Russia. The second was the lesser evil.'

THUS the Bolshevik Government today defends the Imperialist policy of old Russia. The typical conquests by Russia of foreign countries are described as gentle transactions, and the fact is to be ignored that the countries came under the autocratic power of the Russian Tsars. On the other hand there is this most amusing pronouncement: 'The majority of the authors do not pass correct historical judgment on the Chood Lake Battle of the men of Novgorod against the Teutonic Knights, in which the penetration eastward of the men who interpreted colonization as the complete annihilation and dispossession of the subdued peoples was arrested.' It appears that colonization is only bad when it is undertaken by others.

Now we can understand why Professor Shestakoff's book received the approbation of the Government and the second prize of 75,000 roubles. The official *Izvestia* (August 24) praises it as an 'event of great State significance,' because the young generation will learn to know the positive part played by such Russian statesmen as Ivan Kalita, 'the creator of the Muscovite State;' Ivan III, the first All-Russian Tsar, 'liberator from the Tartar yoke;' Ivan the Terrible, who 'strengthened the State' (and conquered Siberia); and Peter I, who 'created out of the Muscovite State the Empire.'

Thus Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great and Alexander II are described as predecessors of the Soviet State, as they all, 'in connection with the conditions of their time,' helped to create the present Greater Russia. The history of Tsarist

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conquests and heroic deeds becomes the source of the very curious Soviet patriotism. 'The knowledge of the history of our wonderful homeland is bound up indissolubly with Soviet patriotism, with the feeling of ardent love for our country, which is a beacon to all humanity that is fighting for freedom'—so *Pravda* writes in patriotic ecstasy. Not the great achievements of the Revolution but the glorious heritage of the history of the old Russia—this is the new song of the Bolshevik State. The repercussions of this development will be felt not only in the study of history in Russian schools but also in the making of actual history in Europe. Much, too, of the present Russian foreign policy can best be understood in the light of the results of the competition on a textbook for Russian children.

The Lost Continent

LOST ATLANTIS. *By James Bramwell. London: Cobden-Sanderson. 1937.*

(Edward Shanks in the *Sunday Times*, London)

MR. BELLOC says in one of his essays that he is ready to read any book that anyone can write about Atlantis. This is a pretty tall order, and I should doubt whether he has ever tried. It sounds like the young man of whom Mr. P. G. Wodehouse said that 'it had been the poor lad's mistaken view that he could drink up all the alcoholic liquor in America.' There is, Mr. Bramwell tells us, a bibliography of Atlantis. It was compiled in 1926, and it contains the titles of some 1,700 books. Most of these are better disregarded even by Atlantophils—I adopt Mr. Bramwell's own excellent word. But Mr. Bramwell must not be disregarded by them. He writes with temperance and discretion and wit. He has much learning. He has also an instinct for oddities. This is exemplified by the account he gives of a book called *Atlantis: Die Urheimat der Arier*, published in 1922, by Karl Georg Zschaetzsch:—

'It turns out that the whole point of the book is to show that the author is descended from Jupiter. Zschaetzsch is merely a corruption of the name Zeus! One wonders if the Third Reich has been able to exploit the talents of Karl Georg Zschaetzsch.'

The literature of Atlantology—this word is, I believe, my own, and a good one—is full of such curiosities. It resembles in many ways that of the Baconian theory of the authorship of Shakespeare. Indeed, the two have a definite connection. Ignatius Donnelly, who in *The Great Cryptogram*, launched the theory of Bacon's confession in cipher, wrote also a book called *The Antediluvian World*. Of this work, Mr. Bramwell (who might have mentioned its author's other enthusiasm) says that:—

'According to Donnelly, Atlantis was the original home of nearly all the arts and sciences and the fount of all civilization. In his famous last chapter, the reconstruction of Atlantis, he credits this "great, wise, and civilized race" with having known, amongst other things, gunpowder and the use of the magnet; their religious worship was simple and pure; they had attained to the conception of "one universal, omnipotent, great First Cause;" they were also the inventors of medical science.'

ATLANTIS attracts to herself those cranks who, on the basis of a little fact and a much wider basis of *possibility*, build a marvelous structure of dogmatic assertion. But that does not mean that there never was an Atlantis.

The trouble is that so much is possible which, now at any rate, we are quite unable either to prove or to disprove. The field of *possibility* is so wide that sometimes I wonder at the moderation of Atlantophils. Take the case of Mr. Lewis Spence. Mr. Bramwell writes:—

'It is significant that Lewis Spence does not, like his predecessors, attempt to uphold the untenable theory that Atlantis flourished as late as the Bronze Age. He

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is prepared to admit that Atlantis did not know the use of metals, but denies that metals are necessary to a high culture, insisting that Atlantis, if it existed as an island in the Atlantic Ocean, must have been a Stone Age civilization.'

The point of this is that according to the geological evidence Atlantis, if she ever existed, must have disappeared before the earliest date which archaeologists allow for the use of metals. But here Mr. Spence surely makes a much larger concession than is necessary. Apart from the fact that geological evidence sometimes wants a margin of error amounting to a hundred thousand years or so, why should not the use of metals have been perfectly well known in Atlantis and lost in the cataclysm beyond the reach of archaeology?

Mr. Spence suggests that the Cro-Magnon men were the survivors of that cataclysm. They, to quote Mr. Bramwell, 'were cave-dwellers and probably wore skins to protect them from the intense cold. Their tools, which were of flint, bone and horn, were vastly superior in variety and technique to those of the Neanderthals, who had only very rudimentary flints. Their skill and inventiveness is particularly apparent from the implements they fashioned for fishing.'

There is not a word in this which would not fit the survivors of a civilization as highly developed as, or more highly developed than, our own. Let us suppose that our own civilization is in some way destroyed, leaving behind only two hundred survivors. I could, without pausing for consideration, write down a list of two hundred people of my own acquaintance, starting with myself and three others in one house, who would not know how to look for metals or what to do with them if found. We should, however, have a notion of what to do with flints if there happened to be any lying about. The more highly organized a society is, the further it has carried the process of the division of labor, the more likely it is to lose all it knows in a sudden grand collapse. So why should Atlantis not have been a society like our own with taxicabs and income tax and wireless programs and anti-litter campaigns and all the rest of it?

This does not unduly inflate the bubble of possibility. It can be blown bigger before it bursts. We can, if we like, suppose that the Atlanteans had gone further than we have, that they had no income tax and no need for anti-litter campaigns. But Atlantophils are a little apt to confuse possibility with probability and, some of them, even with certainty. I am myself, at this moment, dangerously near to wishing to demonstrate that the sudden appearance of the Cro-Magnon culture *must* have had its origin in the survivors from a vanished continent which had reached a high degree of civilization.

There are two things we can say with confidence. One is that the legend of the great civilized continent, somewhere to the west, which perished in the waves, has been going on for longer than the twenty-odd centuries which have elapsed since Plato wrote it down. Memories of the extinction of the Cretan civilization may have been worked into it, but they do not account for the whole of it. The other is that we know of lands that have sunk below, and risen above, sea-level at intervals ever since there was such a thing as sea-level. There is nothing inherently improbable in the story of the submergence of Atlantis. The rest, however, belongs to the realm of possibility, where anyone may assert what he chooses and no one has the right to contradict. I do still think that the Cro-Magnon men. . . .

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY AMERICAN TO DO HIS DUTY. *By Quincy Howe. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1937. 224 pages. $2.00.*

AS editor from 1929 to 1935, Mr. Howe gave THE LIVING AGE a character and breadth of outlook which made it by far the most important American periodical devoted to foreign affairs. In his 'World Over' comments, he established himself as a shrewd specialist on the influence which Great Britain exerts on the foreign policy of the United States. The fruit of his study of this extraordinary relationship now appears in a thoroughly integrated form in the present volume, whose trick title hardly does justice to the serious and reasoned nature of the author's thesis.

This thesis, expressed in vigorous but by no means Anglophobe terms, runs to the effect that the United States today, as in the past, have been maneuvered into policies dangerous to themselves and favorable to the maintenance of the power of the British Empire. This policy first took root when Canning provided the impetus for the announcement of the Monroe Doctrine, attained maturity when Lord Salisbury and Sir Edward Grey paved the way for John Hay's Open Door doctrine and came to full flower in the World War, when, as Mr. Howe points out, 'it was the British, not the French, the Russian . . . nor any other Allied interest that brought America into the war.' Later, under President Hoover, the United States again fell into line as a supporter or initiator of policies favorable to the British: the naval conference which gave Britain superiority in several categories, the moratorium on reparations and the stubborn retention of the gold standard (harmful to American industry, helpful to the British who had deserted gold). Today the vacillating policy of the Roosevelt administration on China, evidenced by its failure to invoke the Neutrality Act, vindicates completely the author's analysis of the pro-British drift in the American State Department.

A chapter entitled 'The British Network' shows that British influence extends beyond Washington and reveals the amazing pro-British bias of American financiers, public leaders, opinion formers like the *New York Times* (whose corps of foreign correspondents is heavily staffed with British citizens), the English-Speaking Union and other bodies with equally important influence. A recital of these facts make the current American furor over the Nazi and Fascist networks in this country seem like misdirected energy. Nor does the author overlook anti-British imperialistic elements in this country. He describes the clashes between British and American interests, for instance in the Anglo-British oil war in the twenties. He analyzes clearly how this antagonism has faded since the depression with the decline of world capitalism and how the assault on the predominant British position by Italy, Germany and Japan has brought American capitalist imperialism to the side of the British.

Here the author answers questions which all realistic students of the situation are now putting: Should America throw in her weight on the British side in the world conflict which now looms, or should she best serve her own interests and those of the world by reversing her traditional pro-British policy and seek isolation? The picture the author paints of a British Empire wedded to the maintenance of the capitalist system, in confused retreat before the rising tide of colonial unrest and the attacks of the imperialisms of Germany, Italy and Japan, meanwhile compromising the democracy of Spain and the independence of the Chinese people, obviously suggests that a democratic country like the United States runs grave risks in choosing such a partner. Furthermore, in following a British crusade against Fascism, America may find herself badly deceived. A war against Fascism under the leadership of Britain might change gears *en route* and become a fight against social revolution and the nationalism of peoples whose progress has been thwarted by the dead hand of British imperialism.

While this book offers the first realistic appraisal of the most important element in American foreign policy—a truly pioneering contribution to historical synthesis—it goes much further. In a final chapter, 'What To Do About It,' the author presents the most cogent case for American neutrality which this reviewer has seen. His solution is isolation, com-

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plete and effective, by means of a mandatory neutrality act, assisted by a bargaining arrangement by which we could obtain the few raw materials we do not possess. He does not deceive himself, however, that this can be accomplished without damage to the economic status quo. Correctly, he calls for a drastic move to the Left in domestic policy, with the unemployment problem met by reduction of work hours and the expansion of consumption of industrial and agricultural products by increasing the buying power of the masses. The only other alternative he envisions is participation in a world war on the side of the British, which, as our mobilization plans show, will result almost immediately in the establishment of Fascism. Between these two policies, there can be no choice, for 'It'—the baneful experience of our participation in the last war to bolster the British Empire—'can happen again.'

—Frank C. Hanighen

Ordeal in England. *By Philip Gibbs. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1937. 286 pages. $3.00.*

Sir Philip Gibbs is aware of dynamic complexity in the modern world and, emphasizing the current international situation, is almost feverishly perturbed by the pressing reality of time. Yet he lacks profundity, and his analysis suggests muddle-headed perplexity rather than a clear vision of interacting and conflicting interests. Certain things he does supremely well. He conveys with real skill the present climate of opinion in England, though his emphasis is not impartial. He gives interesting, and usually sympathetic, thumbnail sketches of a considerable number of important persons in England, though here also one feels that he is more concerned with subtly bolstering a thesis than with arriving at truth. Above all, he reveals the full charm of English country-house life, the leisured dignity and unemphatic culture of certain sections of the well-connected and well-provided upper middle classes. He admits, indeed, and even indignantly deplores the miserable condition of the victims of unstable industrialism. Yet he suggests no solution for their problem, but proclaims, with naïve honesty, that he would dislike any solution which might prove costly to his class, might make impossible the continuance of its pleasant way of life.

His attitude to royalty is interesting in this connection. He likes the devotion of the average man to the Royal Family, and endeavors even to give a touch of nobility to the snobbishness connected therewith. He praises reverence for the throne as a wise, if subconscious, bulwark against radicalism and a guarantee of balance. He fails to see that, even granted the necessity of the monarchy for imperial or internal reasons, such an attitude reveals a quite false mysticism which prevents clarity of thought and hampers the attainment of any considerable degree of social justice. In dealing with the recent crisis of the throne, he says the people accepted the abdication primarily because Edward had let them down, and with this view he broadly agrees, though he does have doubts as to the correctness of Baldwin's behavior in that sad affair. He never suggests that perhaps the people let down one who had proved an unusually conscientious and sympathetic servant. Nor does he stress sufficiently the fear of a King's Party and the desire to preserve constitutionalism as a factor in promoting acquiescence in a solution that to many seemed in itself despicable.

If Sir Philip's obscurantism comports ill with a professed liberalism, his horror of all radical ideas and practices completely vitiates his analysis. One may agree that the Soviet Government is in essence a tyranny, but it is by no means obvious that it is infinitely worse than that of Nazi Germany. The liberal attitude is surely 'a plague o' both your houses,' and not a defense of current German policy, with somewhat inconsistent condemnation of authoritarian attacks on liberty of expression. Gibbs would allow the Nazis to seize the Ukraine, and readily accepts their thesis that they are a bulwark against Bolshevism. Again, many analysts fully agree with his view that Nazism is a product of Versailles and its application, with France its chief creator; and some at least have a sneaking sympathy for Hitler's unilateral action in changing by breaking it, since revision seemed highly improbable. Yet this scarcely leads to taking at face value Hitler's professed desire for peace, though Gibbs is clearly correct when he claims that the Germans feel they are misunderstood and resent it, and so would welcome generosity of treatment. He may also be correct when he reports that the majority desire peace. His denial that Hitler's professions are purely tactical seems dubious, however. One cannot so lightly dispose of

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the potential threat of a régime whose underlying philosophy consists of a condemnation of reason, a praise of thinking with the blood, a fantastic and fanatical theory of race and racial mission, and a glorification of organized violent death as the ennobling end for virile manhood. Rosenberg may exaggerate German ambition, but his views show which way the wind blows. Nor can one trust maniacs in the seats of the mighty, however calculating their political cunning. Finally, granted the people desire peace, they are at the mercy of their leadership, and are deprived of the opportunity to encounter alternative interpretations of events so necessary to wise judgment, particularly in time of crisis.

Sir Philip's analysis of the Spanish situation likewise exposes his bias. Non-intervention may be the right policy, though recent events hardly show its adequacy to its professed purpose, and British party attitudes toward the Civil War undoubtedly do reveal strange inconsistencies. Civilized men, too, generally admit and deplore the barbarism of both sides in that vicious conflict. Yet to state that the Loyalists are a pack of radical enemies of society, to imply that Franco is defending civilization, and never to point out that he is in revolt against an established and constitutional Government casts some doubts on Gibbs's liberalism. Again, Fascist and Soviet support of the respective contestants is ill-sustained; the Fascist Powers probably initiated the revolt, have certainly participated in it more completely than the Soviets, and have destroyed non-intervention which the U.S.S.R. was ready to support if effectively carried out. In short, Italy and Germany, unlike Russia, were not willing to allow a *de jure* government, trying hard to establish a genuinely democratic régime, to deal with its own internal affairs.

While Sir Philip is unbalanced in his treatment of class issues, he is merely confused in his discussion of his basic desire, the preservation of peace and the carrying out of a genuine disarmament. He properly respects Christian pacifism, though realizing it cannot become an effective way of life for most people, far less a policy for government; dissents from Churchill's advocacy of thorough preparedness as a means to peace; and supports Lord Davis' proposal of an International Police, though he does not know how it may be established. He realizes how grave is the danger of war, sees the horror of a fear-ridden land trying to gain some slight protection, and urges that the way out is to abandon apprehension, avoid preparedness, and by cheery confidence seek peace and insure it. It is a fine scheme; unfortunately the Germans, Italians, and Japanese take such noble gestures as mere confessions of weakness. Nor does it help to urge the implementing of confidence by making the League of Nations effective. That would be desirable, no doubt; it does not, however, seem probable, and we are given no hints as to how it may be done. To point out past errors is of little avail in present circumstances, changed and created by them. Sir Philip simply has faith—a faith which suggests the magic incantations of Coué or the convinced denials of evil of the Christian Scientist. A World War might very well destroy Western civilization, and cabbages in Regent Street seem quite within the sphere of the possible, but to emphasize this unfortunately does not lead men and governments to behave reasonably.

No doubt Sir Philip is a charming man, as he is a charming writer, but a troubled liberal with a misty faith, an admiration for enforced discipline, and an aversion to social change is a useless guide to a world whose complexity he sees, but in whose mental, moral, and emotional confusion he fully shares. But he might acquire a more adequate liberal philosophy were he to study the essays and opinions of perhaps the greatest American of recent generations, whom either through unpardonable ignorance or in attempted humor that ill becomes a professed English gentleman he characterizes as 'an old man named Holmes,' adding simply that he was the son of the author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and himself an insatiable reader almost to the end of his long life. For the late Justice, a skeptical conservative, was an ardent defender of the essence of liberty. Aristocratic in temper, he devoted his genius to the defense of the rights of democracy, even though he might consider the use made of those rights wrong, and regardless of their unpleasant impact on the way of life of the prosperous.

—Thomas L. Cook

Moscow 1937. *By Lion Feuchtwanger. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. 151 pages. $2.00.*

ALTHOUGH Feuchtwanger's observations of the Soviet scene were limited by the fact that he spoke no Russian and was there

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for ten weeks only, he failed to fall into the pit dug for so many who return to speak and write in manner pontifical. Perhaps because of his German-Jewish origin he avoided comparing conditions in Moscow with those in New York or London. His experiences across the Rhine gave him better standards by which to judge. He is not vulnerable to the charge of failing to estimate with discernment. The author of *Josephus* was not dazzled by a cordial reception; like many another visitor, he saw much to criticize. He notes a low standard of living, deplorable housing, an all-pervading bureaucracy; he is displeased by conformity, a tendency to blame shortcomings on the machinations of enemies and the adulation of Stalin. But while he disapproves, he seeks explanations, and finds many that are plausible. In spite of the annoyances of transient life in Moscow, he is able to see much that is deserving of praise. Against the shortcomings he balances the Russian sense of security and confidence in the future, elements which are lacking in the outlook of the younger generation in Western Europe. He is delighted with the educational opportunities and the vast eagerness for books, as well as the vitality of the theater. Finally, as a member of an oppressed minority, he cannot but be impressed by the Soviet program in regard to nationalities and by Russia's evidently sincere desire for peace.

The last part of this small volume is devoted to the trial of Piatakov and Radek; presence at the trial gave Feuchtwanger an opportunity to judge the merits of the case in a way denied to others. His discussion of the courtroom scenes sounds convincing, as does his estimate of the characters of Trotski and Stalin. Thus the reviewer found that, instead of slumping toward the end, the last chapters are perhaps the best part of a very interesting account. Lion Feuchtwanger has not lost stature through having written this book.

—John S. Curtiss

What is Ahead of Us? *By G. D. H. Cole and others. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. 192 pages. $2.00.*

Britain Faces Germany. *By A. L. Kennedy. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. 194 pages. $1.50.*

What is Ahead of Us is in the tradition of the Fabian Lectures initiated in 1889. The present collection of essays by a group of well-known British publicists shares the distinction of being published accorded to only two or three previous series. A comparison of the original essays with the present shows how far the world has traveled since 1889. Fifty years ago imperialism was a growing factor; today we are concerned with the problems of a matured—or, as some say, a decaying —imperialism.

G. D. H. Cole opens the series with the question: Can Capitalism Survive? And he replies that economically the present system can survive far worse disasters than that of 1929–1933, and that capitalism in the separate State systems will not collapse because of internal decay, at least for many years to come. But war threatens not only capitalism but that which we call democratic civilization. Cole sets the tone of the book by insisting upon the necessity of a world front against Fascism. He appeals for collective security, and he believes that the British will realize their part in such a system only by the formation of a People's Front made up of Leftward forces strong enough to vanquish the present ruling class. Wickham Steed supports this view with the assertion that British diplomacy must confront the world with a definite stand against aggression and a guarantee that it will act decisively in defense of democracy. A repetition of the uncertainty of British disposition as in 1914 could then be avoided. The world would know where Britain stood. In his essay on *The Next War: Can It Be Avoided?* P. M. S. Blackett admits that the foregoing attitude involves a risk of war, but he counters with the very plausible objection that the present conservative policy of the British Government means a certainty of war.

One of the outstanding features of the collection is the essay by Sidney Webb (now Baron Passfield) on *The Future of Soviet Communism.* This is an excellent introduction to his larger published work and in addition contains revealing material on the new Soviet Constitution, an instrument in part but a formalization of democratic practices already existing. He assures us that the Soviet Union is in no immediate danger of attack and that it symbolizes the 'Land of Hope' in a world of social and economic catastrophe. The concluding essay by Lancelot Hogben is pessimistic in tone. His concern is only derivatively political, that of the prospective sterility of the race. He urges Socialists to recapture the

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hatred of the nineteenth century reformers for the 'illth' of modern industrial society. His strictures against urban life and his demand for decent privacy will not be dismissed by apartment-dwellers as sheer romanticism. But he would probably admit that the preoccupation of the other contributors—the preservation of peace and democracy—is an urgent antecedent necessity for the creation of picturesque living.

Mr. Kennedy's book is an apology for British imperialism, not ostensibly perhaps, but that is its net result. He rejects a policy of collective security, whether or not it utilizes the League of Nations, and he argues that England must face and negotiate with Germany alone. His main insistence is upon colonial concessions to Germany and his imperialist bias appears in his offer of certain African regions that are of little importance to British economic interests. No genuine sacrifice is proposed. Fairly enough, the rise of Nazi Germany is traced to the iniquities of the Versailles treaty, but there is no real recognition of the post-War economic developments which have prepared the way for Fascism. European diplomatic history since the war is concisely sketched, but Mr. Kennedy's treatment is so psychological, centering in French chauvinism and English indecision, that historical realities are lost in the process. The book is also marred by the author's musings on the 'Hunnish spirit' and by his distress over the political implications which he presumes to find in German grammatical structure.

—Martin Y. Munson

Museum. *By James L. Phelan. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1937. 307 pages. $2.50.*

NOT many books that, like *Museum*, 'can't be put down,' possess its singular merits. Mr. Phelan, an Irish revolutionary, spent fourteen years in English convict prisons. This account of his experiences is not only an unforgettable story, but also a powerful exposure of society's blind and hideous cruelty. Its author's exceptional gifts of perception and communication make it a social document of great power and importance.

The central character, sentenced at the age of twenty to be hanged, but then reprieved, begins as a clean, sensitive youth with some talent for music and writing. His fourteen years of imprisonment leave him a pathetic piece of human wreckage, and release, when it comes at last, flings him like a naked creature into a world where it has been made impossible for him to survive.

Museum ranks with Dostoevsky's prison memoirs and with *The Enormous Room*. It is a strangely moving book that no one, in or out of Great Britain, is likely to read without admiration for its author's unusual talents, nor without being made highly uncomfortable because of its implications.

—Henry Bennett

Japanese Lady in Europe. *By Haruko Ichikawa. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1937. 380 pages. $2.50.*

HARUKO ICHIKAWA'S travel diary is the mirror of a quick wit and clever personality. Seeing the scenery and peoples of Europe through her eyes is therefore a thoroughly enjoyable experience. At first one is disillusioned to find that the lady from Nippon took her prejudices with her when she went to visit other lands; but even a violent partisan of this or that disliked country or institution could not help being mollified by her charming habit of always including a nice little compliment to take away the sting. But while every traveler is entitled to his prejudices, it is hard to explain how Mrs. Ichikawa's editors could have permitted several obvious inaccuracies to stand. The most glaring of these is a statement that the present Pope imprisoned himself in the Vatican for a long time because Mussolini refused to allow an elaborate funeral procession for Pope Benedict XV!

In the vivid chapter on Spain, which Mrs. Ichikawa visited in 1932, she made a prophetic statement: 'If the day should come when Spain throws away the joy of the bullfight, the seriousness of the revolution would be worth noting.' Incidentally, even Ernest Hemingway would have to admire her description of a bullfight.

—June Coyne

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

WHILE not entirely satisfied with the Neutrality Act passed by Congress last Winter, most of the peace organizations have urged the President to impose its restrictions on the belligerents in the Far East. His failure to do so and his speech on foreign affairs at Chicago, in which he declared that mere neutrality would not suffice to keep the United States out of war, have aroused considerable discussion among the groups. The President's plea for a 'quarantine' against aggressive nations is supported by some; but others believe that the idea involves sanctions and is, therefore, antithetical to neutrality.

SOME 100 representatives from 35 branches of the English-Speaking Union (National Headquarters: 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City) are to attend the annual dinner of the Union on November 18th, at which the guest of honor and principal speaker will be Sir Evelyn Wrench, Founder of the Union. By that time Sir Evelyn and Lady Wrench will have visited 17 of the leading branches of the organization in the United States. Sir Evelyn conceived the idea for the Union after a visit to the United States in 1906 and formed it with the aid of the late Walter Hines Page at the end of the World War.

THE Pan American Union, upon whose efficient organization falls the burden of giving effect to many of the Resolutions adopted by Conferences of the American Republics, on October 15th began a series of weekly broadcasts in Spanish, Portuguese and French in order 'to make each of the American Republics better known in all the others.' The careful preparation for this series, in which the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation of Boston is associated, was described in these pages some months ago. The programs may be heard in the United States and Central America every Friday night at 8 P.M., E. S. T. over the short-wave frequency of 6,040 kilocycles, and in South America over the frequency of 15,250 kilocycles. The station from which the programs emanate is WIXAL of Boston.

THE latest in the series of 'Headline Books' issued by the Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City) is *Peaceful Change: The Alternative to War*, by William T. Stone and Clark M. Eichelberger. By means of succinct analysis coupled with graphic illustration, the authors examine the claims of the so-called 'have-not' nations and solutions that have been proposed for the problems of raw materials, colonies, markets and foreign trade. They pose and discuss the question whether peaceful methods can be found to meet the conflict between dissatisfied nations which demand change and other nations which are determined to prevent change. They suggest the steps which must be taken to remove the economic causes of war. *Peaceful Change* has been adopted by the National Peace Conference as the basic handbook for its Campaign for World Economic Coöperation.

Raymond Leslie Buell, president of the Association, on October 1st published an analysis of *The Neutrality Act of 1937*, which is of great value in studying the position of the United States in regard to the Sino-Japanese conflict.

THERE has been a considerable furor in the United States over the widely publicized pastoral letter in which the Spanish Bishops supported the Insurgent cause. The American League Against War and Fascism (268 Fourth Avenue, New York City) has recently revealed evidence that this letter was subscribed to by the Bishops after they had received 'an indication . . . from the Head of the State,' namely, from General Franco.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

the United States. An Argentine writer, under the pseudonym 'Quebracho,' deals with this problem rather summarily by choosing the word 'Andesia' for the title of his article on the problems and prospects of South America. [p. 237]

'FAR EASTERN FRONT' provides a better view of the fundamentals which will determine the outcome of the conflict than one could get from a mountain of daily dispatches. Günther Stein, an expert on Japan, whose observations have often appeared in THE LIVING AGE, deals with 'War-Minded Japan'—with the psychology of the nation in a period of crisis [p. 242]; E. M. Gull, in a report on China's position in regard to the 'sinews of war,' answers the question: 'Can China Last?' [p. 244]

'A SOVIET PROSECUTOR'S WOES,' by N. Starov, reads very much like an account of the struggle of an honest District Attorney in the United States against interference by a political 'ring.' The story throws considerable light on some of the rotten conditions in Russia which lie behind the Kremlin's determination to eliminate *saboteurs*. [p. 248]

BRIEF pieces, under the title 'Miscellany,' are 'Dinner in Valencia,' by Cristopher Brackenbury, the surprising ending of which we shall not disclose [p. 252]; and F. Tangier-Smith's 'Hunting the Panda,' a theme with which the author is uniquely qualified to deal, as he is the only hunter who has succeeded in capturing the exotic creatures. [p. 254]

THREE-HUNDRED lepers are permitted to go about Paris as they please by the leprosy experts of the Hôpital de Saint-Louis. 'I Am a Leper,' by Jean Montdidier is the story of one of these unfortunates. [p. 257]

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